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ALTERNATIVE

**american rock / panthers split / magick mushrooms
germaine greer**



Letters/Revolution

Revolution,

Like many so-called student radicals, I was at first skeptical about Revolution. I now have fewer doubts about the type and tone of what you are trying to achieve. I look forward to your flourishing.

Chris Wilks,

Co-Editor,

On Us,

University of Adelaide

Dear Sir,

Last month's review of Pink Floyd's *Atom Heart Mother* was after brilliant. Alas I dare wouldn't know a good record of it but for that matter neither would Ed Minnervoli.

The *Atom Heart Mother* is the most mature and finished piece of music ever written by Pink Floyd. David Gilmour's guitar work on this album is robust, while on other albums it sounds timid and shaky.

The second side is pale by comparison but "It" and "Fat Old Sun" are just as good as "Grandchester Meadows" of *Ummagumma*.

Atom Heart Mother is a new dimension in the brilliant music of Pink Floyd.

C Caples,
Fresno's Forest
N.S.W.

Sir,

I was very pleased to note the emergence of your magazine, which has so far been quite intelligent. On the music side, reviews of Byrds, Youngbloods, Dfand and Dark and the like are appreciated. Too often now, while groups of that ilk are ignored by the Australian rock fans because they are not fashionably heavy.

On the revolutionary side, a more balanced viewpoint is perhaps needed. Sure the legal nation of pot is important, but it is really only a side issue. Certainly a fair deal for demonstrators resembles like the aborigines in jail, but let us not forget the disadvantaged majority either — the women of Australia (cf. Kate Millet's book). Conscience is important but only part of the larger issue of acquisition of education and war as being a normal and healthy state of affairs. For me the "radical" who says he disagrees with war, but would have gladly fought in war II, and the three-star general, both go in the same box (cf. Quincy Jones' book reviewed in *Perseus* issue).

Continue your exposure of subversive organizations (ASIO, NSL), and how the hell did B. A. Santarita get into the country anyway?

Steve Saunders

Dear Friends

Keep up the political comment, enlarge on it when you suggest courses of action, set ideas in motion. The fact is that politics are an unavoidable part of our lives. Even drug sale in the most secluded communities represents political values by their chosen way of life.

Politics is not about "politicians" sitting at their desks in parliament. It's not about some cowardly German statesman/philosopher in the library of the National Museum in London one hundred years ago. It's not about red flags, black shirts or blue pants. It is about LIFE! Life today, tomorrow and a hundred years into the future. Life in the streets and the suburbs. Life in Australia. Life in Vietnam. That's why politics, race, poverty, quality of life and freedom are such important issues.

The more people who realize this and sweep from their minds the arrogant crap our rulers would have us believe are the rulers that matter, the better it will be for us.

Kath Thomas
Shepparton
Vic.

Dear Sirs

Your articles over past issues on various groups have been rather good — but BLAKE UP TO YOURSELVES! Haven't you two lots of MCs, the Stooges, Grand Funk Railroad, Iron Butterfly and the Electric Prunes? MCs are a revolutionary group, the most controversial group in America, who put on the highest energy stage show around — whose two albums shocked the establishment — get it on Revolution!

All Power to the People!
Long live rock n' roll!
Felix the revolutionary
Laser,
Vic.



ALLEN GINSBERG INTERVIEWED
BERKELEY RARE Nov. 13, 1970

The problem is, the trouble with rock'n'roll groups, and only happy families, is that they are wrapped in the production of useful goods and goods that sustain them. Until they get into something basic like garbage called ban or food production there's still be a feeling of uselessness, of disconnection from Mother Earth, so that I keep feeling the most strong form of commune or new family group or tribe would be one that is connected with either re-processing garbage or growing their own food organically, or making experiments that are of use to other people.

Whenever political action anyone takes, it should be one on the basis of at least one hour daily sitting meditation, contemplation of one form of Yoga or another, with or without teacher, best in the morning about dawn.

(I've proposed to ourselves that we sit

going to have a revolution then the least thing we can do is rock with the original revolutionaries.) I believe that which was the union of soul that everybody discovered either naturally or by God's finger touch or by psychedelic drugs, so I think to supply even the drugs and to make that trip a little more solid or even to replace the drugs if one wants to do that — the universal medicine — using.

A politics that is not based on absolute spirituality is the same old druggy politics that will drive everybody up the material walls, reversing with the hairy jokers again, which everybody is at this point anyway.

Anti-grass anti-racism awareness, and its forces in right-wing America and police brutality. These are identical persons to us. That's why there's a war, there's three two power groups, totally identical, fighting each other with everybody caught in the middle.

POEM

He is a Very Upright Person
My confused mania love
Where are you now?

Striking through eternity
riding a lightning bolt?
Transcended to some euphoric
paradise?
Being drawn through the interstices
of some brilliant rainbow?

My confused mania love
Where are you now?

Sitting desolate on some
stagnant park bench
Engaged by waiting
realization of your futile
compact little world
You generate nothing
You perceive nothing
Waves and areas of emptiness
pass before your dimmed eyes

My confused mania love
Where are you now?

- SUSAN ADLER



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LET ME FILL YOU IN ON THE PICTURE

448 Buchenmark

Just a few weeks ago, a group of early secondary students awarded a lecture honor to the Minister of Education. At the time of their awarding, Mr. Levesque was addressing them on the very subject. The lecture ended as most of those and students liked the program. Thus the program was both made and disseminated. As our work stands for the past, it is now, the same and more important, a typical school situation where the students of education

— where uniformity becomes not only the means, but the end of education.

what is more, and structural freedom is claimed by the view that the educational system has to meet societal value development, a certain level of awareness, and behaviour.

- when a problem of action is framed to be solved, it is often done so in the form of a question

— what's the only case for the student to acknowledge problems? a 900 app.

— where today's High School Certificate students fill class spaces, and put up at 7.30 every morning in order to borrow books.

where the approach to subjects and outcomes is so telling that it seems to be open for presentation and discussion. The end result of this being the total of an action of the students, whereas in kind relevant information by himself and for himself.

[illegible]

One of the most evident forms of student freedom is the growing number of senior general publications. All 44 high school publications are considered by the American Association of High School Publications as evidence of the school's freedom of expression and its administrative responsibility.

Our hypothesis was that a species that is not toxic to its invertebrate predators (e.g., *Myrmica*) might be more likely to be used as a food source by vertebrate predators (e.g., *Parus*) than a species that is toxic to its invertebrate predators (e.g., *Formica*).

These postgraduate students, most of whom are from outside countries, they thought, also represented the intellectual elite of their countries, and as tasked the school to provide a high standard of education, they were not to be disappointed. The school was, therefore, a safe haven for the students, and the school was a safe haven for the students.

Two thousand young adults, based at the public university of Sydney, Protest in Australia by Peter Hain, in 1981. It was a historic event at the time, the first time a protest of this kind had taken place in Australia. The young people were protesting against the Vietnam War, and the fact that the government was sending young people to fight in it. They were also protesting against the fact that the government was not doing enough to help the poor and the unemployed. The protest was a success, and it led to a change in government policy.

[illegible][illegible]

One source of this confidence is the fact that we are capable of achieving a variety of goals and intentions in a wide range of situations. We usually do not see the need to explain our actions in terms of our intentions. The social norms that govern our behavior are often so ingrained that we do not even think of them. We are often so confident of our ability to achieve our goals that we do not even think of them. We are often so confident of our ability to achieve our goals that we do not even think of them.

There is now a large number of serious publications dealing with the environment, and it is hoped that this information is regularly available to all concerned. The most notable of these is the *Rock-Candy Mountain* series, a weekly compendium of environmental news and views.

Other valuable books include:

- Towards A New American Architecture

These books are only available while stocks last.

Call 011 769 811 5441 or visit our website at www.barnesandnoble.com

The editorials in this issue are written by people who have been in the industry for a long time. They are not just people who have been in the industry for a long time, but they are people who have been in the industry for a long time. They are not just people who have been in the industry for a long time, but they are people who have been in the industry for a long time.

1. All data I have put in will come in tomorrow. I am in a hurry, so I have put the report in before I have seen it.

Every thing we learn is fully real in the steps that it contributes to self-awareness. Direct knowledge of ourselves, the world, the world we live in, and the future of our mind, growth and change are the products of education. For the moment, all knowledge has been reduced to mere self-protection and very far beyond the life sciences and education, has been reduced to a difficulty of determining sense of about techniques. The have been no paper knowledge of ourselves, it is no science, there are left only by the educational process both in and out of school.

What I ask is am in the possession of this knowledge, not by making the facts into a pre-established pattern, but by proving ourselves to help how much, but that, not by teaching ourselves, studying, but by a thousand little, but by many.

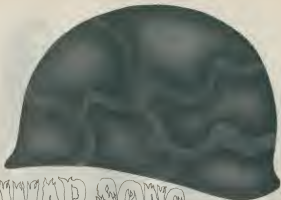
ing growth in the person leading towards a
prolonged old age, not by changing people's

Big Rock Creek
Mountain
Summit ridge

They say the life is a bit better now
you know I ought say I do.

EDUCATION IS NOT DEAD. IT HAS
YET BEEN BORN!





WAR SONG

This song is one of the most popular in Vietnam. Except for the jocks down in Ban Hoi and Phan Rang there is hardly a fighter pilot who has not used a tour in South East Asia who has not been to Tchepone.

Tchepone sits on the edge of the mountains in southern Laos just west of the DMZ. It doesn't look like much from the air but it is a most famous place in that unfortunate country. The reason is that Tchepone sits on the main road that connects the mountain passes out of North Vietnam with the southern segments of the Ho Chi Minh trail that enter South Vietnam. Except for these passes it is the most heavily defended portion of the entire system.

A great many pilots have been there and a good many will not be coming back.

DON'T GO TO TCHEPONE

I was hanging round Ops just spending my time
Off the schedule not turning a dime
A colonel comes up, and he says "I suppose,
"You fly a fighter by the cut of your clothes"
He figures me right "I'm a good one," I say,
"Do you happen to have me a target today?"
He says, "Yes, he does, "A real easy one."
"No sweat my boy, it's an old time milk run."

I get real excited and asks "Where's it at?"

He gives me a wink and a tip of his hat
"It's three fifty miles to the north west of here,

"A small peaceful hamlet that knows as Tchepone."

"Oh, you'll sure love Tchepone!"

I go get my G-suit and strap on my gun,
Helmet and gloves, out the door on the run,
Fire up my phantom and take to the air,

Two's tucked in tight and we haven't a care

In forty five minutes we're over the town,

From twenty eight thousand we're screaming on down

Arm up the switches high over the hills,
Rock up the wings and roll in for the kill

We feel a bit sorry for folks down below,
Of destruction that's coming they surely don't know

But the thought passes quickly we know a war is on,

On down we scream to peaceful Tchepone

Unsuspecting, peaceful Tchepone
Midsize altitude and the paper's not right

I'll press just a little and lay them in tight

I pickle these bastards at two point five grand,

Starting my pull when it all hits the fan

A black puff in front, then two off the right

Then six or eight more and I suck it up tight

There's small arms and tracer and heavy ack-ack,

It's scattered to broken with all kinds of flak,

I suck hard to left and head out for the blue,

My wing man says "Lead, they're shooting at you."

"No bull," I cry as I point it towards home

Sniff ceases the fire from the town of Tchepone.

Dirty, deadly Tchepone

I make it back home with six holes in my bird

To the colonel who sent me I'd sure like a word

But he's nowhere around though I look near and far,

He's gone to Seventh to help run the war

I've been round this country for miles a day,

I've seen the things that they're throwing my way

I know that there are places I don't like to go

Down in the Delta, and in Tally-ho

But I bet all my flight pay the jock ain't been born

who can keep his cool when he's over Tchepone

O don't go to Tchepone



The Grateful Dead was the great out-of-sphere band in the Indian summer of 1967: they were in the vanguard of the hippie movement, they were open about their drug taking, and they lived in what might be called a kind of joyous anarchy.

In the parks and streets, if you were stumbling, dressed high, the Dead's acid-laden heavily distorted rock and roll must have been here: they were part of a new culture, not just of your old entertainers/Academy counterparts! Their roots older bands with the same connection, notably the Jefferson Airplane and Country Joe and the Fish. The Fish were more political in their music, but the message of the Dead and the Airplane made them no less subversive in fact. The latter two bands had something else in common: their records were terrible. This they weren't satisfied with: their records were hardly so, proving they were both performing bands, and the acid-fueled art of the album defined them. Country Joe and the Fish, however, managed to produce the only truly successful acid-influenced album, the first of which was titled appropriately *Electric Music For The Muted And Deaf Body*. That title was on the direction of American rock at

the time: the Doors had slipped into their decline, and the Byrds poured some amazing things into a totally electronic mould as *The Notorious Byrd Brothers*.

That was as far as it went. Electric music died beneath the weight of thousands of hardback-crusted bands who meted out volume for sheer. The hippie lifestyle continued, essentially undisturbed by the commercialisation and material decay. The great number of different music styles that inspired adulthood at Woodstock has shown that the alternative society isn't too critical of the music thrown before it.

Probably the acid rock died out because it was too local: it depended too much on momentary circumstances, on particular environments. It failed to lead to the wider American music which it first appeared to promise. It wasn't until the release of the Band's *Music From Big Pink*, that an alternative genre emerged that which brought me to the music of the Band, the Young Men and the other groups and singers who have, finally, revealed the path of a 'true' American rock. What they all have in common is a shared vision of America: just often it is in no way political. Ironically, it was about white flight, Aubrey Flowered and

withered. Its roots can be traced to Tom Rush's and Jesse Colin Young's early albums, and in the songs of the Lonesome Seafoam.

The Seafoam's first album, *Do You Believe In Magic*, was the first conscious attempt by a rock band to synthesise the elements of traditional and modern music: jug band blues, folk, country and rock. It wasn't until the Youngbloods did the same thing that I realised exactly what the Seafoam had done: it was great music, but it was more than that. It was timeless as well as contemporary, its sources and images were traditional as well as immediate, its environment was partly visionary. This gives rise to what is almost a feeling of refuge in the music, a feeling which is strongest in the music of the band and the mutant Grateful Dead.

The Dead made an amazing transformation with the release of their *Workingman's Dead* album, and even managed to improve upon it in *American Beauty*, which also took American Beauty (Beauty to the world! The Dead have formed an offshoot band, the New Riders of the Purple Sage, which looks as though it's about to make it in its own right. As the name suggests, the New Riders are riding the same barrel as the Dead, a little further into the country, and for their

album

Workingmen's Deadroom with "Uncle John's Band" and the change in the Dead's outlook is at once apparent. Uncle John's is Jerry Garcia, whether or not that was in Robert Hunter's mind when he wrote the words. Jerry Garcia has been a kind of spirit uncle father to the West Coast. Luckily, he's taken to appearing on other people's records, not only Dave Van Dyke and Paul Kantner's and Dead Crosby's solo albums. Unfortunately, Garcia's presence wasn't enough to save any of these records, but it at least shows the esteem in which he's held. His guitar style can be heard in the playing of Jerry Kaskasian, amongst others. Garcia has been fortunate in having a writer of Robert Hunter's talent to work with. Hunter is like Robbie Robertson, concerned with finding a balance between the poet and the guitarist. Like Robertson, Hunter owes something to Dylan but his voice and meter differ, but both these writers have taken to fulfillment what Dylan could only suggest. Hunter is warmer and more bitter, than Robertson, he is not interested in deceiving himself from his themes. "High Time" is nearly the finest love song ever written.

You told me goodbye how well I to know
You didn't mean goodbye? You weren't
please,
don't let me go

The music of the Grateful Dead, even now, may seem a long way apart from the Lovin' Spoonful. Listen to Ray McKernan's "Upper story" and then to the Spoonsters' "Folksie story" — it's all the same song, chopped around some. There's more to it than finding a riff in common here and there, though. John Sebastian wrote about model life in "Babylon" the Dead do the same in "Black or white" — a condensed history of their life on the road, set to some really fine running rock and roll. Every run. Zal Yawpuk played long about dusty roads and hotel rooms, quiet nights in Coconut Grove and long hours on street corners. The Spoonful's Good Time Music was blues too. Jerry Garcia has learned that there's more to guitar than technique alone, on David Crosby's album, Garcia's lines are unmistakable next to the maddening, stylish playing of people like Neil Young. This is part of the whole feeling of Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young. Apart from Nash each of them is incomplete at something, but they just don't have any more, physical or spiritual. They've managed to achieve a certain slickness, but then to have the Carpenter. The Buffalo Springfield was a pioneer country band who proved that if your heart's not in it, nothing will make a few well practiced licks into a convincing song. Steve Stills and Neil Young are still suffering from this woodenness. Stills is a fine guitarist but he desperately needs a context, and Young continues to posture as the best — he has written some nice melodies, but he's too overbearing to allow them to stand up for themselves.

There are worse distractions than Crosby, Stills, etc. Though, the latest being Elton John, the notorious superstar, who I mention only because most articles of more than half

a page need some kind of absurd interlude.

Although I thought I'd grown used to the egoism with which this kind of hype is accepted, I am amazed that Elton John has got away with it on such a scale. There rumors that Dylan went to a concert just to see Elton (according to Dylan, he went to see Eric Russell) must have nudged things along. The album *Tumbleweed Connection* is a landmark in irrelevant contributions to rock. Here's Elton John, from Birmingham is awkward, writing things like "Ballad Of A Well Known Gun" and "Country Comfort" in a grotesque hearing that sounds, at its worst, like a parody of Mick Jagger. The song meant to be an impression on the old "white man can't sing the blues" theme, the fact remains that they can't if they don't feel what the blues is about. And Elton John doesn't know what a chosen field is. About his home is fields but that's not it, come, every time a person buys one of his records, that person's making out on Paul Simon, Jesse Winchester and a lot of others. And I don't believe that anyone who appreciates Simon and Winchester and contemporaries, is going to be able to take Elton John. It follows that if you're never heard anything but Wayne Newton and Three Dog Night, you're going to think Three Dog Night are pretty good!

James Hubner Robertson, Rick Danko, Rob and Manuel, Levon Helm and Garth Hudson collectively the band, have probably had the most direct influence on the better kinds of American music over the last couple of years. Their first album met the name, but it wasn't until the second album that they got down to the business of writing out their theme. *Music From Big Pink* is fine music, but its sources are sometimes said it never attempts to bring them together. "The Weight" produces a part like that of "Dusties Run", and parts of the rest of it are surreal, but to one there are ties through the duration of the recording. *The Band* is, in many ways, worse different. Its mood is so confident, its tone so controlled, that it becomes essentially one work, a collection not of songs but of parts. It is country rock and city rock at once the distinction between the two doesn't matter much, because its voice uses the same distance in both.

In a sense, this is an exacted woe. Robertson writes with a remarkable sense of the presence of the past, but he is well aware of the illusory nature of immortality. "Rocker's Cheer" says it all. Willy long to get his feet back on the ground when his dreams founder.

Here the sound, Willy Boy, the Flyer!
Cutcherman on the reel,
It's my belief we've used up all our
time
And the days that remain ain't worth a
dime

The music need not be West Coast, East Coast, country or city music. It's American in the deeper sense, unaffected and fast loose. It's interesting to note, just the same, that a great part of the music has come from the East. The Lovin' Spoonful and the Young Bloods were New York bands, though the Youngbloods are now living in California. The

bands are, with the exception of Levon Helm, Canadian, but again that's not an important distinction.

One of the finest bands playing the music is the Dillards, who stand somewhat apart from the main stream. The Dillards were playing country music long before they were playing what might as well be called "country rock". They strayed across the border from the other side, as it were. Their fourth album for Elektra, *Whispering Sails*, was recorded in Los Angeles and is a huge step on from their previous recordings. It's probably the best country rock album released so far, though I don't doubt that the Dillards will eventually better it. The Dillards will never get into reviewing too heavily, but they're natural, melodic and clear. Several of their songs deserve to become classics, Rodney Dillard and Herb Pedersen have written some of the most truly beautiful ballads I've heard, on *Whispering Sails* and *CapeHearls*.

Deep Deland (of Deland and Clark) is Red Ray's brother, while he's not as creative as Rodney he showed some good common sense in teaming up with Gene Clark, who was the forgotten man of rock. Gene Clark wrote the best songs the Birds did early in their career; they were country songs at a time when the Birds were making it as a cerebral rock band. Gene Clark was always a little out of place, he had a beautiful voice but McGuinn held the idea of singing himself; he played strings, scolded rockers, but mostly, he sang what he felt. McGuinn seemed. In the end, Clark left the Birds and put out an album with the Gosdin Brothers. It was country rock, long before the Bird's *Sweetener's Of The Road*.

Deland and Clark's first album had some nice songs by Gene Clark, but was a little flat at times. The next album added the name that really roared off. *Gene Clark* and it was obvious that Gene Clark was once again being squeezed out. Sooner or later he will put out an album that will create even more who hates it, than this one, but circumstances seem to be conspiring against it killing out Bill, even so the strength of the handful of songs he has recorded to date, Gene Clark is a major figure. There's no singer songwriter with more to offer, potentially.

The guitar/singer holds a central position in the history of American music. The west side of the black bluesman has been transplanted into the playing of the white guitarists of today. Tom Rush's expertise used to consist almost entirely of the country blues. Jimmy Taylor was the forerunner of the blues on jazz. It was through Tom Rush that James Taylor was first exposed to a wide audience. Rush's first three albums have all included two songs by James Taylor. Rush has also recorded songs by Jackson Browne and David Wilkie, both of whom will be heard from in the near future, I'd expect.

James Taylor is at the center of a highly productive and intensive group of musicians which also included Carole King and Jimmy Kooch (Garthofner) of Jo Jo. Few rock albums have been awarded like his *Mad Street* *Stone*. Some of the songs would should be on the record have shown up on albums by Tom

Rush and James' secret Kate and Jennifer Alex. They are as good as, even better than, the songs on *Sweet Baby James*. Taylor is a simply individual writer, with an unmistakable style. His personality is as strong in his songs that no one could hope to produce a more vibrant better than the original thing. There is no doubt that he's going to be defined by the "industry" in the next year or so. I hope he survives the experience. Just Singel made him out to be a pretty little guy, very image-conscious, in his Rolling Stone piece, but it seems apparent to Jules that perhaps James Taylor feels that he has no obligation to spend his every waking moment with the press and the public breath of life as Time came up with the remarkable assertion that Taylor "bouts with a Hardy Hoffman-like fire," perhaps so, but don't let it get around. It's that kind of talk that got to Jim Morrison, Bob Dylan and a few others. I think Taylor's above it.

Paul Simon wrote a blues singer from Texas, and he took the step of putting aside the blues to write his own songs, most of which are well into country music. His first album back an obvious resemblance to Dylan. I can't help thinking that it's what Dylan might have done had he continued to develop as a writer. Anyway, it's Simon's record, and after the initial similarity passes, it becomes apparent that his very much his own man. *Wonders And Changes* is one of those rare albums that flows from beginning to end with a natural grace, there is not one song on it that doesn't make it. Paul Simon's tunes are haunting and melodic, and his words match them, he has Dylan's gift for capturing a metaphor throughout a song, but he hasn't needed to employ Dylan's habit of leaving fragmented images upon one another. *Wonders And Changes* earned Simon a following in America, and his second album, *Just Dime Dime*, looks set to make him a "real" performer. Critics have been taking our double-page ad in Rolling Stone and Paul Simon has given the album one of his most, consistent reviews, comparing Simon's lyrics to a *Confession* trading short of the *Blue Angel*. (That refers, apparently enough to Cohen's *Contraband*.)

Jack Rudin Gypsy is a disappointment, simply, it seems to be one more instance of a man carrying a number of great songs in a head for a few years, recording them and then finding that his most produce his or eleven more in a short time, he has next album. Only two of those of those songs stand up to what Paul Simon is capable of, though the album as a whole is still a damn sight better than most. Simon has been far worse in his backing musicians, the first album boasted David Bromberg, Rickie Lee Jones, Walter Minkus and Gary White, who are among the finest session men in *America*. The *London* is a *U.S.* set, led by Leon Russell, really has nothing to offer next to musicians like these.

One man who is about to cease a storm is Jesse Winchester, an American living in Canada because he didn't feel inclined to spend time in the Army against his will. His only album to date is a subdued and remarkable

retirement of personal doubts and fears. Winchester is supported on this album by Richard Robinson and Lynne Harris. Harris produced the record and so we can see one of his best songs, "Sweet".

I was born in the day it took me to see. When the weather man mentioned snow. As soon as I heard that four letters word I was making my plans to go.

I suppose Jesse Winchester's songs are closest to the band in style, but he possesses a voice that owns its place only to the road and the wind. His songs are gracefully melodic and characteristically that and captured his best song is undoubtedly "Blame", which really is beautiful.

Down around Bikini, pretty girls are swimming in the sea. Oh, they look like stars in the ocean.

Jesse Winchester's latest album, and the Band's, James Taylor's *The Grateful Dead*, and so on, will set out further along the road they have found. There's no need for them to look back, because their music takes the rest along with it, into the future. These music doesn't know about time. This is the true American rock, and we ought to expect that it's arrived. There'll always be bands extending the horizon in other directions, but most of these will come and go, while these things will last as long as someone can remember how to turn the tunes. (The *Grateful Dead*, at least, won't stop playing for a long time, because as Jerry Garcia says, There's just fuckin' gotta be to do.")

A Postscript

There is one band, one album that I didn't mention in this conversation. The Band is *Mad River* and the second is their masterpiece *Paradise Bar And Grill*. This album was released in August of 1969 and delayed one month later. It was never released in America, needless to say, and now you can't get a copy anywhere. It is a truly incredible album, paralleling with the Band and the *Grateful Dead*. It's superb musicianship and strange, magical sense of time have not been dulled by the two and a half years since its release. What happened to the group? God knows, the drummer turned up with Country Joe and the Fish but the other three members appear to have been swallowed up. Luciano Harwood, who wrote most of the songs, is a superb writer and a really big singer. His words are equal to those of Robinson and Harris. The title track is the distinctive song of its genre. I can write the words down, but I'm afraid you'll have to imagine the music which it evokes but it good unless you want to send me a "what" card, in which case I'll record it for you, soon or later. Anyway, here are the words.

Oh, it over I was welcome where where angels dwell. I could not find the number to the Paradise Bar and Grill. They say it sits on a country road, among the hills that tell. When the patrons they stopped coming to the Paradise Bar and Grill. The barman's given hang in cotton.

the wine is cold and spoiled, The wine they all got drunk and died on the Paradise Bar and Grill.

More than once I thought I'd found it. More than once my heart would tell, But you know it was just the front of the door, and the mud on a wedding veil.

All my friends have sent this piece of silk from your dress of lace and silk. That get caught on a nail in the door way to the Paradise Bar and Grill.

Oh, it over I was welcome where where angels dwell. I could not find the number to the Paradise Bar and Grill.

Luciano Harwood's songs tend to swing between hard rock and mellow country music, but whatever he's writing, it all sounds great to me. The band's other two guitarists, Richard Robinson (who looks familiar) and David Robinson are also pretty fine musicians. This acoustic guitar playing is about two years ahead of most other bands in the same field. In the two years that have passed since they recorded these tracks, no one's made an album that surpasses this. It'll be released eventually, I hope with the same cover that the original had a photo of an old time band, in brown, had a picture type track. On the back, Mad River state out like ghosts from a small photo amongst all the drums of the songs. Perhaps when it is released again, the group will think of re-forming and taking their music even further than this.

Paul Simon

The Essential Discography of American Rock. Can these records listen to them in the order they appear below. In no time you'll know what the whole direction of American rock is all about, and you'll be able to trace your friends and influence people.

Tom Rush: *Blues, Songs And Ballads* (Preiser).

The Lovin' Spoonful: *Do You Believe In Magic*, *Daydream*, *Hums Of The Lovin' Spoonful*, *Everything Playin'* (all on Kama Sutra).

The Youngbloods: *Two Traps* (Mercury), *Earth Music* (RCA).

Bob Dylan: *Highway 61 Revisited* (Columbia), *Blonde On Blonde* (Columbia).

The Byrds: *The Notorious Byrd Brothers* (Columbia), *Sweetheart Of The Rodeo* (Columbia).

Country Joe and the Fish: *Electric Music For The Mind And Body*, *I Feel Like I'm Fixin' To Die* (Vanguard).

The Band: *Music From Big Pink*, *The Band*, *Stage Fright* (all on Capitol).

Jesse Winchester: *Jesse Winchester* (Ampex), *The Offshore Wheelhouse* (Sire), *The Grateful Dead*, *Winchester's Dead* (RCA), *American Beauty* (RCA).

James Taylor: *Sweet Baby James* (RCA), *Mad River*, *Paradise Bar And Grill* (Capitol).

RICE REVIVAL
(a rice comes back?)

by Ross Wilson

Well actually it never left us did it? There have always been a few rice farmers chomping away eating mud, while the rest dissipate their lives consuming violent bullshit (narcotics, meat, pesticides) and generally unloading their lives away.

There's a peach wrong is obvious. But in the Great Search for an alternative society, that is the reason for the existence of many like me, I am certain obviously good techniques for living have surfaced. The Macrobution is one of the best as it forces you to do everything right. By applying the Macrobian way of preparing and eating food, you can potentially rid yourself of all diseases of the mind.

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...creating a system which can take the place of the legal system, political and economic systems which run the lives of most

...and you must be capable of being your own doctor
...and being your own lawyer which goes just to all Truth.

The idea of the fallacy which Magnabonatus is a part holds that if we are wrong, it is our own fault.

Readers are advised to consult their own physician.

THE GARDEN OF EATEN: ON 'BLACKBURN'S JUDGEMENT'

Alan: For those within the Garden of Eden
The Eden Garden
The Eating Garden
Hecropolis: the Eden Garden
Where babies and high of the inhabitants
are eaten

THEY ARE IN THE GARDEN

They are gardened
Since they were taken they were gardened
(and gardened)
Planted like a seed

In the Garden of Eden

They are chosen ones

The begotten begotten

In their place of birth

This poem by Sun Ra in which Leroy Jones
uses an elevated voice of black consciousness
is from the clavis of Sun Ra's new album
Mekong. It's a poem pastiche on the ideal
of Eden upon the idea of the cultivation of
slaves and the conflicts that arise out of
this loss of innocence of the Negro taken
from the Eden of Africa

So much of the Australian aboriginal
poetisation has been made a slave by ignorance
greed, violence and lack of adequate nutrition
And the Tasmanian aboriginal was com-
pletely exterminated when British imperial-
ism annexed Australia in 1788 the aboriginal
like the other wild animals were apart of
the land. Slavery is a customer's law that allows
black (stealing) civil rights, in particular no
property right except those conceded by
statute

It is as the Dutch behemoth who has long
ago lost his right to use the Garden of Eden,
we in our memory of lust and possession
bring out all the best of english culture
Professor Laurence in Harbinia recently
wrote a preface to the canonisation of nat-
ural resources in the University of New Eng-
land in a radio interview before he left Aus-
tralia, indicated how we share with the
United States and Europe the inheritance of
a Judeo-Christian philosophy which instructs
us to be fruitful and multiply to subdue the
earth, the fear of god and the dread of you
shall be upon every beast of the earth and
upon every fowl of the air, upon all that
crawls on the earth, and upon all the fishes
of the sea into your hands are they deliv-
ered

Gary Snyder in his book 'Earth House Hold'
this title is a play on the root meanings of
'ecology' and subtitled 'Technical Notes
and Quotations to Follow Diverse Rascals'
concerns also emphasises the awareness
that has resulted in today's ecological con-
cern. In his book he also extends the idea in
his statement 'The Australian aboriginal
lives in a world of ongoing recurrence
corresponding with the landscape and cosmic
exchange of abode and home and pos-
sesses every person's place. There all are
related via a web of reconnection, or rather
they are undivided. The present could well
be an essential survival awareness to enable
the aboriginal to live in harmony with the
limited environmental potential of his dis-
posal

Phil: Imagine, large society dependent on
food gathering and hunters on what but the
provides built up a systematic body of know-
ledge regarding their tribal and regional dis-
tributions, modified by experience in
changing conditions the heritage has been
passed from generation to generation, by
example and instruction

They had no prepopulation problems and
no pollution problems

They were not driven into fragmented areas
of poverty under the banner of allegiances

If we look at a tree in our backyard, if a plant
was watered to us as a plant of magic, earth and
wonder, if we understood all these relations
shape how could we not feel so integrated
into our universe? How can we presume to
understand the symbolisations that are pre-
sent in these myth processes from a very
harsh and completely alien cultural sta-
tion, when our most advanced western
thinkers only struggle towards are under-
standing in these areas?

A leader of the ceremonial dance is an elderly
man when he is initiated into the final cele-
brations. Through our ignorance and our cul-
tural imperialism we see these people as
primitive when what these people know is
what we need most to know order to save
our universe

The north eastern Andrews Land. Aborig-
ines involved all the intruders into their
territory

The craftsmen and their shooting parties
started to arrive in about 1880, the cattle
men withdrew in about 1900. The last
shooting party came in 1933

Missionaries in their stupidity considered and
subverted the aboriginal and cleared the way
for capitalist exploitation. A mission was
set up at Yirrkala in 1934, it is actually a
concentration camp for nearly all the
aboriginals from north east arnhem land

Out of the way, the aboriginal land is
plundered by mining companies which are
granted leases without consulting the abor-
iginal people. The area of one mining
lease includes part of Yirrkala. The first
mining lease in the area was granted in
1963. Also in 1963 the Yirrkala people
petitioned parliament to protect the grant
of mining leases over their land. Later
that year a select committee comprising
Baker, Chapp, Dean, Kelly, Saxby, Wilpert
and Nelson tabled a report that recommended
a stop

Where upon parliament, it is clear that
there was claim to an area of land which was
held by the Yirrkala people to constitute
country, your commonwealth believed that a
direct monetary compensation should be
paid for any loss of traditional occupancy
even though their rights are not legally re-
cognised under the laws of the Northern
Territory. In the ensuing eight years not
one cent has ever been paid

How could these people believe in the who a
man is now?

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ITY/BOUNCE



a version of the Coorsan leather girth which bound a modern's breasts so tightly that they did not even have until her bedroom out the back with his dagger on her wedding night. A modern beau has more difficulty releasing his lips from the foundation which moulds the figure to smart slimness, because she seems to part it back on with her clothes. For some reason only known to Mrs. Grundy, boys have to go at the back, although if there's any place where back and eyes are again forbidden it is on your backside.

The commonest reason for wearing the filling of the well-worn corset — is a fair one, health. Men believe that if women's ribs are not bound up, they will sag and sag and wither and maybe even drop off. Now it is not true of any other muscle in the body that it does its work best when the suppleness is taken away from it so why should it be true of the pectorals? In fact those parts of the body which are continually sweated and kept warm habitually waste, like the legs of men in long under pants. Breasts grow palper and more distended because they are bound. Where the reinforced band passes under the arm becomes marked and roughened. At the shoulder straps take any weight they spare the flesh heavily. In fact most men think that the sag because they have a healthy individual notion of where they should be, or where they once were. In many nations, equally arbitrary ideas are enforced for an opposite aesthetic ideal. For men are pinched to leanline them, and bound across their upper edge with rough wire straps so that they hang low and low. Other nations are more laid out. Men cheer up a notion that breasts are for their consumption so that overmaking will burst and deposit there. So they are to be pinched in rind and without too loose eggs for Daddy Baby to unwrap and nibble them. They stop to see them arising against their binding squeezed up and bulging of desirefully. So much of the usual imagery is drawn from fruit, but with a slightly broader

girls pulp and modern and is it only his pigs. The implication of a fantasy girl born over the midshipman rail is merely a rejection of flesh for something more like a jelly. When breasts become too obviously unlike their staidly looker they frankly feed them softly. For a long time popular pornography could not bear the figure at all and even now there are more corsets for sale in Dorset featuring underwear than there are leering up breasts as they are.

A Frenchman once lectured the femininity upon going to bed and praised LA FEMME EN TENUE and, given his professions, his arguments made a sort of modest sense but that still does not explain why even in the short lived season of the unbound breast most women still get into their old bags every day.

In fact most girls were afraid to let it all hang free. The fantasy of the high, hard pony concern had to exist for so long that they were scared to reveal how far they were from reality. Their bodies betrayed them. Whatever they were was not what the nude image showed, so it must have been wrong too big, too small, not symmetrical, nipples too big, too dark, in the wrong place. The porno-chic who paraded the Kings Road were establishing a new kind of uniformity which could not even be tempted so they didn't even try. But oh glory glory to the ones who did glory glory to the lovelorn nudes of Joan Mabolet as vibrates in her yellow dress but even for Colette and her great sisters, triumph for Kathy & Janey & Caroline & Louise & Camie and every other boob that leapt and bounced & puffed in the fertile sun of this English summer. The unbound breast is not the opposite femininity (fantasy against itself and heaven, bound against man, nature of itself of girls have lower bodies. If you love yourself, use no hooks, no ornaments, no bindings. Your past are not too small, or too low, or too soft or too droopy. They are you and you are beautiful.

GERMAINE GREER from QUICK

HUMPING THROUGH ASIA

— THE HEAD'S GUIDE TO SYDNEY TO ISTANBUL

by Richard Ludwies

I have spent a year traveling from Australia to Europe via the Indonesian archipelago and India.

Leaving Australia is the first and largest hurdle to get over. There are boats from Sydney and Melbourne to Singapore and then Perth to India and Singapore. Prices of cargo/container loads are around \$300 for the Sydney-Singapore trip. Many people leave via Denver to Perthgate. Times by boat or air and I imagine many are flying from Sydney to Bali now there is a regular service.

Time is still as possible by cargo boats stop ping over for a day or so to see the islands in between, and there is also an Indonesian Internal service—(Siande)—travelling over the islands by public transport. Catching ferries is an adventure for those with the time to do it and a light load.

On which part of Bali and Java Europeans are still visitors. Bali and Java cost more for Europeans which obviously raises expenses but at the same time it isn't expected by Western standards.

Bali, the only place outside the mainland of Asia where the Hindu faith is practiced, is a warm beautiful island with music and fireworks, dances and celebrations being held regularly. It is worth staying a few weeks near a beach or in a village. Hatching through Bali and Java at anywhere in India and it isn't terribly heavy as one is expected to stay.

Solo (Surakarta) and Jogjakarta are the main cultural centers in Java. The museum in Solo, the temple at Borobudur near Jogjakarta, which dates second only to Angkor Wat in Cambodia, should not be missed. Bandung and Bogor are set in a beautiful area of Java. Jakarta is a confusing and ugly city, and expensive.

Sumatra is difficult, possibly by road. There are boats from Jakarta to Padang or Medan in Sumatra or Pekanbaru in North Java to Pontianak in South Sumatra (Petai) Java are the largest in Indonesia.

The mountains in northern Sumatra near Loka Taba offer breathtaking scenery and

are also the home of the wonderful Indian rain forest which is located all around this area of S. B. Asia.

Singapore is an enjoyable place and the first world roads after Australia with people coming and going from all directions and a large majority staying in the Chinese area. If you want to go to an "O" (see Singapore and Malay have several "O" heads can be wonderful food and great—drop all the wonderful food. The Botanical Gardens in Singapore have the most wonderful rock collection. Everyone will tell you about Raga Bawa: to go there I guess. Beware of Singapore's one anti-foglight law. You could be refused admission or jailed.

Passing two beautiful beaches and there are boats from Padang to Malacca. Roads and trains are good in Malacca. Thailand-Malaysia border could also present problems to foreigners and/or travellers as the Thai Govt. and down on long hair, and Gen. (military) generals make the border uncomfortable at times. The crossing by train is cooler.

Cheng Mai in Northern Thailand near the Burmese border has a great reputation and a handy for gathering information on the people in Laos.

Bangkok has some wonderful temples but has been hacked over badly by American G.I.'s.

Burma cannot be approached unless by air and a three-day visa is the requirement, which gets permits a brief look at Rangoon and Mandalay.

India is a vast country and one could deal with it at great length. Traveling in India is cheap by third class railway and student concession cards.

If you have no cash there are many and available for \$1.00 US. Hatching in India is also quite easy in India and a pleasant way to travel. Hotels in the cities are cheap and most small hotels have "back bedrooms" for tourists. One can also sleep in temples but please don't abuse the privilege. Try and learn the local customs and that applies to all the East, as people can be offended by your ignorance.

Nepal is a little more expensive. A visa is necessary—valid for two weeks, and can be extended. Many people don't bother but usually get caught after a while. Swayambhu on the outskirts of Kathmandu has a beautiful view of the town. The temple at Swayambhu is very powerful and in the early morning one can hear the lama chanting their prayers with drums and bells.

Kathmandu, Benares (Varanasi) and Goa seem to be the main head places in India and Nepal, but there are so many places to go in India one could love one's self there indefinitely.

Pakistan is the beginning of the Muslim world again, which means a bit more of a hassle. There are trains to Pakistan and hatching is good through to Pakistan. After here it is advisable to go by bus as hatching is impossible in Afghanistan.

Kabul and Kandahar, being on the Europe to Asia route, are the most head frequented towns. You will be watched leaving Afghanistan.

Traveling in Iran by bus is more expensive than Afghanistan and hatching is very dirty until good roads are reached. Baghdad is supposed to be the most beautiful city in the Arab world, and Persopolis was a Greek built town which remains fairly intact.

Most heads don't like Turkey and most Turks don't seem to like heads. The quickest way through is by train or bus (bus is not recommended on train) to Istanbul. By then you have crossed the continent of Asia and are at the doorway to Europe.

ADDRESSES OF HOTELS

"SINGAPORE — 43-45 Elm Leong Rd., Singapore, or Raffles Rd., Singapore (near the airport).

"JAKARTA — Hotel Andalas, Djaya, Gedung Mela.

"DEN PASAR — All Yasa Hotel.

"SURAKARTA (SOLO) — Hotel Morangan.

"BANGKOK — Thai Song Court Hotel near main railway station.

"CALCUTTA — Moscow Lodge Hotel, 1 Grant Lane (off Free School Street).

"NEW DELHI — Mrs. Goleen, 3 Jangpuri Lane near Ring 3 Jangpuri Lane.

"OLD DELHI — Crown Hotel, Chak Chak.

"COCHIN — Pakistan Hotel.

"KABUL — Nasa Hotel, Berman Hotel.

"KANDAHAR — Pasha Hotel (near main road).

"TEHRAN — Amir Kabir Hotel, Inter Ford, 600 Ave 1.

"ISTANBUL — Mavi Hotel (near Blue Mosque).

Hope this helps someone but there is so much to learn through the experience itself that cannot be related to you as you get out there and start hatching and may the long sun light your path into the new world.

HUMAN SETTLEMENTS

A man must believe that the world is good for him, if he exercises initiative and takes a step, his action will have an effect, however small in the same reel world.

A man has faith that if he is well intentioned, rational, not fanatical, he is not alone, there is a human community that is thinking the same thoughts as himself and his friends and ready to act in concert.

In the beginning was the word — and there was a man — and he spoke. He who was within earshot of that voice listened and said to the next, "He said!" The next said to somebody, "He said, he said", and somebody said, "He said, he said, he said", and in the case of the Man on the Mount and the Man in the Temple, we are listening yet for what was said. We are trying to communicate. We are passing the word.

The need for more responsive institutions seems to fly in the face of present trends towards ever more inflexible bureaucracies built of human cogs, assumed one change able.

Individuals respond to individuals, organizations to organizations. When individuals at large, or influence or confront organizations, this change being ignored or brushed unless they too are organized. Faced with insulated bureaucracies exercising control over their students, blacks and the poor are repeatedly rediscovering that disorder and not yet more effective means of communication than propaganda and hearing together.

Coordinated bureaucracies have made notable achievements, but the price paid for these gains may be too high if not accessible to all. Many of these institutions are small and, from outside, providing insufficient channels for feedback. Reaction to them is making the very fabric of our society.

Either we must discover more responsive forms for these institutions, or we must develop better means of communicating with those we are presently building.

If real life is a dialogue — between man and man, between man and his environment — which is socialization and response, then in reality the process of making is inseparable from the subject made. A man's essential dialogue involving many between men is a history of change and exchange between people and buildings, through building. Yet housing problems are commonly seen in material states and not as mismatches with human lives. Without reference to the builders and the inhabitants, the shape and the appearance of a dwelling place is insignificant. The value of an environment is proportional to its subject of life within. Housing problems are dialogic and dialectic — springing from incommunication or miscommunication.

What is demanded now is a resolution in consciousness. In examining the nature of creativity and its relation to teamwork, it was found that creativity goes on in exactly the same way in all fields. Music, art, science and technology are not differentiated in this respect. Judging from inner processes, art is identical to all other fields. One must know a lot about a field, then lower that knowledge into the unconscious, and proceed to check what comes up with some known experience. The character of the conscious is explicit, and the character of the unconscious is implicit. Art can be the creative process and solution of problems which cannot be formulated before they are solved. New orientation is the most important part of the solution. If a problem can be completely explicitly described, it can be solved without this process. The character of unity is such that teamwork functions best when the scheme for it has been laid down in advance. We are trying to counter the difficulties of making teams work, to unite the advantages of the one man team with the advantages of several units focusing on the task. To do this we must unite the nature of creativity with the nature of teamwork.

The more you make with less materials and labour, the more you can give to people and therefore the better environment you can have. Unless you think of architecture in terms of process, any attempt to improve the environment is academic. I can make a beautiful house anytime — but if the means to achieve that house aren't available to everybody, then you change nothing.

Designers like to think of an ideal situation in which a designer finds a client whose values are similar to his own so that the job becomes an easy, largely non-explicit consensus activity.

The problem of design then becomes one of adjusting the designer's vocabulary of forms in a way which approximates what the client wants, and the adjustments of forms are exactly those which are important to the client. One crisis of the product or needs is the same 'frame of reference' and these problems become part of the demand of the next client and part of the changed perceptions of the next designer.

What is wrong with this characterization of the role of the designer? Nothing. What's wrong with this characterization of the world? Such a world never existed for all men, and even if some pseudo-historians would have us believe that it did, we certainly cannot afford to believe that it was so. We conceive of society more briefly on the one hand and with greater discrimination on the other — more broadly because we are not satisfied with seeing only an elite or with thinking about only the small percentage of the environment which gets professionally designed with greater discrimination because we have come at least, dimly aware that other's values may not be exactly the same as ours and that what we worry about in design may not concern many others in the least.

Modern large institutions tend to cut direct communications to the professionals and the administrators, forced to rely upon their own experience and knowledge, tend to impose their own values. The results are often ineffectual for people undergoing rapid social change is a developing economy and ineffectual for those caught in the cycle of poverty in order that the professional can serve his client properly, institutions must be reconstructed so they become channels rather than barriers to communication.

But the design professional himself can act — First, he can analyze much more carefully the needs and problems of the people who will use environments and can establish precedents by which those people can participate in the sequence of choice making which is the design process.

Second, he can evaluate carefully the effect various of built environments in terms both of the stated goals for which they were built and in terms of what they are accomplishing for their users.

Third, he can challenge the institutions which stand in the way of achieving a closer relationship between designer and client.

And, fourth, he can turn his design skills to the creation of environmental systems and components which are capable of being controlled by the clients to fit their goals,

and which are adaptable to more democratic and responsive styles of control & management.

Suppose you are moving into a large bare room with a window. Your first aim would be to make the room livable in the animal sense: you might put in shuffling, build furniture and so on. In doing these things you are shaping the room so that it is responsive to you, so that it is as easy as comfortable place to live, but ease and comfort are not the only human needs.

The blankness of the walls may offend you: you might run a red border or Greek key design around the top of the walls thus making the ceiling seem farther away. This activity is not useful but ideal: nevertheless you are still humanizing the environment. You might want to hang a picture — perhaps a picture of the garden outside the window. The aim of the picture is not to produce a substitute for nature but to add to it, gesture and garden taken together form a satisfactory unit. Furthermore, you are going to have to think about how the whole thing goes together — the picture would have to go with the Greek key design and the design with the planting. From this point of view there is no distinction between useful and ideal, the man who sits on the chair and the man who adjusts the picture on the lawn must be made more his concerns and emerges as something to be aware of the relative place of chairs and pictures in his life as a whole.

For purposes of discussing the world as we live in it is like that blank room, we begin with nothing and gradually make it livable through our customs, art, law, customs, religion, all these that when taken together constitute our culture.

As to the environment and property of the community, it should express that city's sense of the communal and the beautiful. Since the basis of community life is not love but justice, or rather justice made real by colonial love, so the final product will not be reached by one party agreement but by the rough and ready consensus of politics.

There are plenty of arguments against politics as the basis of community action but they are all wrong. Since Plato at least, people have been telling us that we could be better off if we got some expert to run our affairs, a philosopher king perhaps if we could hire one, or failing that a city manager with a PhD in Administration (but I think just as I want to make my own moral decisions, so I want my community to make its own decisions, to get this up to it to leave some internal human dignity. Politics is living well for a whole community, just as morality is living well for an individual: it is well a means to something else, rather a healthy political life is not the end at which all sorts of public policy aim.

For totalitarianism is not only a terrible political co-ordination of society, but also a non-terroristic economic-technical co-ordination which operates through the manipulation of needs by vested interests. It precludes the emergence of an effective opposition against the whole.

Herbert Marcuse,
One Dimensional Man, P.3

During the past 50 years products of pollution have increased in almost geometric progression. During the last 20 years alone, the output of goods and services has multiplied as much as it did from the landing of the pilgrims in America to 1950. This means more of everything — automobiles, toasters, televisions, toothbrushes, radios, tissues and more items that burn air you can cut with a knife, and compacted garbage, do slopes. The last half century has seen a drive toward and away from recycling with the moment of truth, the cut-off point of progress when the measurable can law — production equals pollution — threatens to condemn us to apoplexy by our own consummation. Wastefulness, as the growing ugliness of our planet have gone unheeded, undetected as the gradual reaction of a lessening environment. Now it is almost too late as the disaster grows to epidemic proportions. If we still have alternatives, they are a choice between apocalyptic or intensive treatment at the source of the disaster.

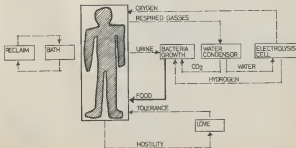
If we choose survival, it may well cost us the loss of our most cherished institutions, among them the affluent consumptive life style. Sex, one of our more popular national sports, may have to be curtailed in favor of less productive activities as overpopulation makes motherhood a dirty word. It will have to be recognized that the sacred profit system that sets production priorities also determines levels of pollution. We will have to examine the omnipotence of the market place, which has shown a remarkable ability to price everything without concern for the ecological value of anything. We will have to recognize that our all seeing technology is, in reality, blind as it smokes our production possibilities oblivious to the odor of its own rotting details.

We will have to treat our teenage as if our life depends on it, it does. We will have to devise a much less tedious bookkeeping system than the one we now employ to assess our national wealth. For example, a factory that produces \$20 million worth of goods may also, as a by-product, cause ecological inflation requiring subsequent health care expenditures of \$20 million. Today's product bookkeeping figures product and pollution, education, avoid metal repair, treated lung cancer, eliminate television, cleaned waterways as increases in Gross National Product.

We may very well have to consider who pollutes on whom as a civil right issue. The production of artifacts to satisfy the artificially stimulated needs of an affluent minority in a world of real need is as bad as genocide, at worst economic genocide, crowding the have-nots into the garbage of the have's.

The vital task of the designer of the 70's will be design for survival. The national wealth of industrialized nations during the past 50 years for pattern languages, readability, form language, must be expanded in the 70's to include the relationship of production to pollution within its permanent. Reverse mental contamination ratings of manufactured objects must become a design factor as much as factors of structural safety and fire ratings. How production machinery uses energy, discharges waste, and the final disposition of the article itself must be encompassed in the designer's professional responsibilities.

The whole earth ecology is the design parameter of the architect of the 70's, whose ultimate professional concern is the preservation of the planet's life support system including every living thing, from bacteria to whales with men somewhere in between.



If we can define our goals, if we can define the relationships of man and his city, if we can learn from the huge laboratory now operating on the surface of the earth, if we can undertake very careful experimentation, because we are dealing with people and not with machines, then we can be prepared to build the great cities of man.

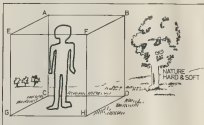
Our period demands a type of man who can recreate an equilibrium between his inner and outer reality, who can regain control over his own existence by balancing forces that are often regarded as irreconcilable. This equilibrium can never be static but must be involved in a continuous change, proceeding — like a tight rope dancer — by a series of small adjustments that maintain a balance between himself and empty space, man in equipoise.

Human settlements are, by definition, settlements inhabited by Man. In this respect, the word "human" defines the kind of settlements (inhabited and not inhabited) and at the same time defines a goal: human settlements should satisfy Man.

By definition, the human settlement consists of:

- The content, or Man alone and in association.
- The container, or the physical settlement which consists of both natural and man-made or artificial elements.

These two parts, when taken together, make up the human settlement whose largest possible dimensions are defined by the geographical limits of Earth's surface. This total surface of the Earth, the largest possible container for Man, is, for all practical purposes, the whole cosmos of Man, the cosmos of the ANTHROPOS — the ANTHROPOCOSMOS.



ANTHROPICS — man's personal interaction with his physical environment

Such a definition of the human settlement implies that it is not merely 3-dimensional. Man and Society change continuously and by doing so, create functions which unlike SHELLS (which can be conceived as 3-dimensional beings) require a fourth dimension — that of time — in order to be satisfied (or). A three-dimensional conception of a settlement is very like a film which suddenly stops and arrests all the figures in their movements. A human settlement needs both integration of elements in order to come into existence. Man alone — or in groups if not settled anywhere cannot be said to form a settlement or even a part of one. Once he does settle somewhere, even temporarily, we have a temporary, elementary settlement, in which a pattern of relationship between Man and his container comes into existence for a certain period of time (one day, one day, or one season) regardless of whether the container is a natural one (a cave) or one made by Man. Of course Nature alone, without Man, cannot be said to form a settlement or even a container, since it has no human element (content).

The basic elements of human settlements, the content and the container, can be further subdivided into four elements:

- Nature — providing the foundation upon which the settlement is created and the frame within which it can function.
- Man.
- Society.
- Shells — or the structures within which Man lives and carries out his different functions.
- Networks — or the natural and man-made systems which facilitate the functioning of the settlement, as in roads, water supply, electricity, etc.

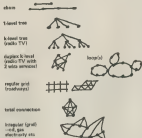
The basic difference between Shells and Networks lies in the fact that Shells provide cover for functions while Networks coordinate them.



For planning FOR we must substitute planning WITH Human settlements must be built with the continuous participation and the living experimentation of those who live within them and make them what they are. The world wide revolts of youth have pointed up another dimension of our problem — that of time. Students who would have participated actively in a few years, demand participation now. With the enormously accelerated speed of change, they demand that more and more teachers become learners, and that, to the function of dissemination of the known, must be added the co-operative search for the unknown.

Participation of the people in the planning of community spaces and facilities and their adornment and enrichment is an education process, and one way of creating aspirators and desires. It is essential to the creation of social organization — it is the process by which the primary groups are bound together for a common purpose.

Some network structure dimensions



How Man spends his income —
Networks continue to rise.

We must differentiate between the live elements. Nature is the base element in all settle-ments. Man is only a very small part of it. Man is a different element from both Nature and Society. If we consider only society at the expense of man, we are led to extreme forms of political systems. If we forget the individual values and rights we end like ants. In 5th Century BC Athens we find the basic principles of humanism being formulated, as evidenced through law. It is in this vein that we are continuing to build our systems — in recognition of the individual. Man must be studied in terms of his personal, individually held values and assessments: how far can Man walk, how far can he see, how much he likes something, what degree of freedom he needs.

Society is seen as the system — with its advantages and disadvantages — of many people working together from two persons to an endless number. Often the values of Society oppose those of Man. There are many conflicting interests and this is why we must think of these two elements as separate ones.

Shells, including all sorts of buildings, except the Networks, deal with how man has learned to enclose his habitation.

Networks are those man-made elements which have a physical expression in the city. They should not be confused with Society, which

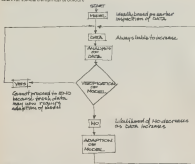
is a human operating system. Society has its goals — the individual's happiness is such a goal. Networks are a physical expression of Man's and Society's need to achieve better goals.

Networks can be classified into three basic categories:

- The first category is the physical expression of contacts between people, where there is a direct interaction of some of the five senses in person to person contact as when we design a theatre we create a physical network between actor and audience.
- The second category is that of information systems in which there is no need for direct human contact. A telephone line can act for contacts between people or between computers.
- The third category is the cycling of people of animals, material goods and forces (water, power, liquids, solids and gases).

Each category has different demands, goals, technologies and methods of cycling. Why do I speak of cycling? Because we must try to understand the entire process involved in a network. We must think of water supply in conjunction with sewerage disposal and of finished goods in relation to used discarded ones.

As shown in Table 1, the mean age of the participants was 20.4 years (SD = 1.2), and the mean age of the mothers was 36.2 years (SD = 3.2).



... individuals are persistently determined, on the one hand, to be individual, on the other to develop communities in which others can achieve their individuality too. The human race has never quite learned to manage this for long, but now and again it has managed it briefly, and well enough so that we can continue to hope. And it is a very hard when one gets beyond the generalization to find ways by which these same individuals can act responsibly in matters where collective action is essential – the central problem of stateschools.

We find that humanity out of necessity is consistently landing towards large systems and continuous systems. Fig. 1 shows the satisfaction of the five guiding principles in the creation of human settlements. These are

- The maximization of potential contents
- The maximization of effort
- The desire for protective space
- The desire for an optimum balance between the five elements of Nature, Man, Society, Shell and Networks
- And the combination of all the above

How much have we achieved today in terms of quality? Never before have we been able to maximize our potential non-leads or reanimate our efforts so much in so day. But most before have we had so much more, undervalued inexperience in our primary. Also never before have we had such bad structure of cases or such confusion in those

There are five general values for all, but other about the values for the individual such as equality. The very great change that has happened in the cities during the last two generations has been overlooked completely. In the past, people were always equal in the streets of the city no matter whether they were rich or poor they could walk, no matter whether they were old or young they could walk or play. For the first time in human history they are no longer equal. The introduction of the personal machine, the automobile has made a very great change between people. They are no longer equal in the streets and the streets are the streets.

So, we find that while collectively, the averages are high for the maximums of potential contacts, for many individuals they are very low. This poses a big question and the same is true with the principle of the maximum of effort because there is no longer equality between people in the public space.

All other three principles are now satisfied less than before in terms of quality and equality. This means that, while certainly we have made such progress in many respects, we still have not the ability to build human cores. Despite this, every day thousands are being carried out by the naval hospital, like these into the sea, even

If the people prefer the big city, in spite of all its faults, we cannot reverse this process. Instead we must strive to make cities and factory in terms of the two principles of Fig. 1. I believe these principles to be the best written discussion of what our total goals should be.

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- Man moves from the small to the large, from the simple to the complex
- Man turns from natural to man-made systems. Man changes the natural environment and, if he does it in a meaningful way, he is better served
- Man moves from low to high energy systems. Every one of Man's accomplishments is related to an increase in energy of the system. Car work is not to be reversed (that is, it is irreversible), but it is not that

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APPENDIX 'A' OPEN ENDED BUILDING EVOLUTION

Within the framework of discussion this is the principle of periodic renewal extended to a total building/ery making it possible to replace a building with a radical new one over a period of years and not to have a building with, at any time, less than maximum performance age on 10 years.

This is an obvious answer to the problems before us when we consider the CHANGE effort in the following:

"What happens to our definition of 'intelligence' when computers, as an extension of the human brain, are the case one, weight, and cost as transistor radios? They're being developed through the the microelectronic process of Large Scale-Integration.

What happens to our definition of 'morality' when biochemists are about to unravel the secrets of DNA/RNA interaction mechanisms to create human life?

What happens to our definition of 'man' when our next dear neighbor is a cyborg (a human with computer parts)? There are several such cyborgs in the world today.

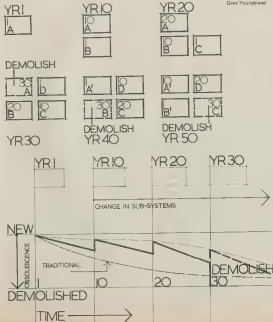
What happens to our definition of environment when our video extensions bring us the reality of the solar system daily? What do we mean by nature under these circumstances? MULHAN: The first satellite ended nature in the conventional sense.

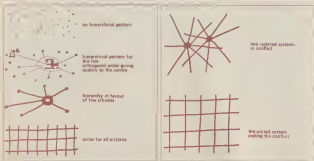
What happens to our definition of 'creativity' when a computer asks itself an original question without being programmed to do so?

This has occurred several times.

What happens to our definition of 'progress' when, according to LOUIS FAUWELS, For the really attentive observer the problems facing contemporary intelligence are no longer problems of progress. The concept of progress has been dead for some years now. Today it is a question of change of state, a transmutation. Or Norbert Wiener: "Simple truth is progress is not a correction belonging to strength but one belonging to acquiescence and hence to weakness."

Ref. EXPANDED CINEMA
Gene Youngblood



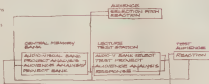


Evolution of networks

Transformation of networks

APPENDIX C: FLOW-CHART FOR (TEST) HUMAN INVOLVEMENT

A flow-chart guiding the inter-relationships between participants in design and architecture is presented to study reactions and provide stimuli to self-paced study activities. The same principles can be applied to a community design situation.



Sendell said that beauty is the promise of happiness — that promise lies in the beauty of flexible forms that inspire, educate, enhance and adjust to the changing energies of human life — in that sense there is room for an infinite variety of structures, from the simple dome that can give a family the sense of intimacy with the earth to a super skyscraper that is an entire vertical city.

Today, for the first time in history, men are at the point where they can build exactly what they want for every human and social purpose.

This article is an introduction to the science of ERISTICS developed by Greek architect Constantinos Doxiadis.

ERISTICS demystifies the mystery of an overall science of human settlements, can designed by man and not in arbitrary structures, can social political administration and technological sciences, and the designers or later to an.

ERISTICS C A Doxiadis Oxford University Press

ERISTICS Journal — monthly edition

Each year at the Athens Centre of Europe there is held what is termed the First or Fourth Architectural planning, geographers, sociologists, economists, etc. born around the world are divided in various world problems in large. The results of these symposiums (ERISTICS) are published by the Athens Centre of Europe, and are available in Australia on Subscription only.

For further information contact the authors of this article at Community Design Research Associates, 42 Edgewood Street, Sandringham, Melbourne, phone 983 8399.

construct. Arctic architecture, much from using such hollowed logs as Thule, Apsara and Polynesian, while the belated organic appearance of, for instance, medieval Russian and East European architecture is due to the numerous intake of hall-building like Fly Agaric and Driftwood. Such a theory would tie up perfectly with visual and emotional expenditure regarded being experiments under "controlled conditions".

The Blue Pict's of western Tibet seem to have followed a religion similar in its "animal worship" aspects to those of ancient Egypt, America, and (Islamic) Arab worshipers whose desert ritual prop systems for women collect many Shamanistic practices also in the Orient and South America today.

The Russians were (and probably still are in many remote areas) so fond of the Fly Agaric that they make a kind of beer from the remnants of *Rhizoglyphus subterminale* (*Phallaria lit. lit. lit. lit.*) and added to it a strong infusion made from the mushrooms. They took the liquor in small quantities to "fortify the spirits" and in large quantities to make them incommensurate with other worlds.

There is an interesting connection between foods and traditions (invented after food) that connects in folk literature and should not be hairy tales, until a study was made of the chemistry of the dairy and glandular secretions of the Tard (*Salix T. (Tard)*). Much of the dairy does not feed the milk known, yet contains glands which secrete a poison to ward off predators. Most of the poisons are, however, contained in the parotid glands, located in two bumps or nozzles, one behind each eye.

This explains in why toddlers and toddlers are two famous ingredients in whitened liquors through the centuries. Many interesting substances have been isolated from toxic skins and the secretions, among them being:

- a) Buffaloge (named after the Latin Buffalo, but said) having poisons and effects are very similar to those of Cynaria found in Prologues (extremely poisonous, and often fatal).
- b) Buffaloge (named after the Latin Buffalo, but said) having poisons and effects are very similar to those of Cynaria found in Prologues (extremely poisonous, and often fatal).
- c) Buffaloge (named after the Latin Buffalo, but said) having poisons and effects are very similar to those of Cynaria found in Prologues (extremely poisonous, and often fatal).

The Vikings are reported to have eaten large quantities of the Agaric before going to battle, because it helped them go "berserk", hence they were known as "berserks". It can only be assumed that they performed some form of ritual involving drinking and super-human feats to instill the feeling of possessing supreme power: ingestion of the mushrooms during such a state of mind would certainly make everything look small. Ben Alice in Wonderland, whenever they are asked as a preliminary to taking the mushroom was certainly very effective. They were in many battles simply able to walk over their enemies by lifting them with fear of the Agaric, totally animal aggression. During pre-historic in the US A., the mushrooms were certainly danger but also far more effective than boiling liquor.

In the modern world, fungi-poison and pollution play important parts in the progress of evolution of *Rhizoglyphus* mushrooms, but biochemists are constantly making new compounds with the extracted alkaloids, and these seem to play the same mind-changing role today as the mushrooms did yesterday. It seems that all efforts to stop the use of *Rhizoglyphus* fungi and the new synthetic equivalents have failed, so it is therefore no wonder that many people ask themselves whether or not they are goodists or intransigents of possible Forces or Powers, which, at the old times set us, have come to earth to do some important task relating to the spiritual guidance of mankind, and that remain here until completion.

SUBJECTIVE EFFECTS

Three follow-up recent reports from people who have eaten *Second Mushrooms*. None of the reports indicate to me I have chosen them I regard as the most interesting. The first deals with Polynesian, the second with Fly Agaric.

1) Polynesian: Subject was at the time living in a small very old English village, with a church and a graveyard opposite his car

age. After gathering the mushrooms, he dried them slowly by the fire, ground them into a black powder, then ate them mixed with salt.

"Before the mushrooms had even entered my stomach I distinctly felt a pleasant electric shock about up above the back of my spine to the top of my head, as the metal movement induced my head began to tingle, and this tingling spread all over my scalp slowly down across my forehead, followed by a sensation as if a white cloud quickly beathed across the surface of my eyelids. 'My eyelids have just been opened and see how new that world looks!' All this happened in perhaps two or three seconds. Moments later I was back in my old familiar room again, in a quite normal state of mind, wondering what on earth happened a moment ago?"

Slowly I began to feel my body tingling, not a normal tingle, but as if my body were "going away". I became claustrophobic and tried to leave the house, so we both went together, and not used, immediately we were outside, that the church was pointing the wrong way. We went into the church to investigate and it covered the five ground plan was the tower, longitudinally, of what it should be. We noticed that the floor was now lower than the original, and saw many ordinary architectural and decorative details which only served to confirm our idea that the church was pointing the wrong way.

After looking at the well designed Katholikon figures on the front we walked out into the street, for things were very strange in the church.

Some months later I discovered from a local farmer whose ancestor had owned the farm for many centuries that the present church was built on the site of an earlier chapel, built on the site of an even earlier Celtic temple. Such temples being built in geometrical designs with stellar and planetary motion, the farmers destroyed as much as they could and even rebuilt some of the churches pointing in the wrong direction, that hoping to exert the valuable magical powers supposedly flowing along the alignments and used by our Celtic forefathers in their divination practices."

2) Fly Agaric: Subject found some Fly Agaric in a wild mountain region and decided it must be the right time to eat some, for it was growing on the path. He partially dried it and ate it together with some special oils prepared to counteract the unpleasant sickness which might result from eating perfectly fresh mushrooms.

Immediately there was the slow onset of nausea accompanied by a strong desire to vomit. Although having special water nothing for a day or so, there was nothing in his stomach. The nausea developed to a most uncomfortable degree, but as the oils effect very counteracted this, he began to feel very happy.

"I was simply happy that everything was happening in such a beautiful way. Everything seemed to be essentially good, but as there passed I began to feel bad. I realized that I was under a kind of a spell I had noticed before. Whenever I witnessed anything, even to the slightest degree, my own beauty or that of others, I felt sick, yet when I witnessed courage and loving faces pass between people, I felt supremely happy. I understood distinctly as a different sense from the normal, it was the refusal to understand, or, acknowledge the obvious and as time passed everything became obvious."

"A single, pure, flat-like note played inside my head, and as I walked across the landscape this note changed, the cause of which I attributed to invisible energy permeating everything. I understood that everything has its particular note, or vibration which we can hear and feel if we become receptive. I heard chords of angels and spirits singing from the tops of hills, and each hill had its unique music, not music I can describe for we do not have such music in our world, it was the music of living things, music of the trees and the sky, music of the wild animals, and then I realized that human music is usually a very poor attempt to imitate nature with living things, or at least to reflect some of the wealth and of living things."

Later, he continues, "I felt very tired and so tried to lay down on my bed to rest, and would have fallen asleep because when I awoke

I couldn't tell whether it was dawn or dusk. After I discovered that it was dusk and I had not been asleep for several days after all, I remembered what had happened. I had just returned from a five-hour flight somewhere in the depths of the earth, where an important Grand Meeting of Gnomes had taken place. We discussed many things of major importance relating to my future and past, and they showed me many things which I can say report for they were not even mentioned by words. They came into my mind and that is how I must have spoken to them. I must have fallen asleep at the conference too, because I remember waking up to find a Gnome standing beside my head, the one who had a part in the final holding out to me, in his left arm, a Fly Agaric in its button stage of growth, saying, "Oh this and it should all happen as you wish." I reached up to take the mushroom and then awoke."

"Later I walked outside to observe a few things and saw that everything continued its own life. Even the rocks and soil below, trees, the stars and the sky were alive, most of things were flowing everywhere, and I was a part of one wonderful river. I found I could understand people even before they spoke, I understood them by what they really were, not by what they often appeared to be."

"All life was sacred, and essentially very pure, while all the evils were simply hurt feelings from long ago, not only in their lifetimes, but months and millenniums since when led through centuries and centuries of family sin. Everything not only contained its own unique characteristics, but a long history, which was at the time as clear as the words on this letter."

"Later, the voices came back and I could not enjoy the company of others, who I suddenly began to regard as inferior in some way, their words seemed harsh and lacked vitality, they were not real words of communion, but simply scripted symbols in a system designed to help people communicate. The words were as heavy as objects and seemed to come out with great difficulty. Others seemed sharp like daggers, and hurt very deeply. I chose to remain alone and freely went to sleep."

"I spent the next two or three days reviewing the experience and trying to translate them into colloquial terms, but have to this day been able to record only a tiny fraction of what happened during those few days."

It appears that after a heavy dose of Fly Agaric, emotions and reflexes become more aligned with the environment, that is, it becomes increasingly difficult to suppress reactions to the outside world. Aggression outside involves fearless aggression inside while peace outside produces peace inside. In this way one can come analogous to a mirror which simply reflects what is happening. I assume that during the introspective periods the subject gets a fairly intricate in his own inner world. There are periods when communication is absolutely impossible because by all appearances the subject enters a state resembling that of a dream period, when it is possible to achieve him but only very temporarily, for he quickly slips back "away."

No attempt should be made at this stage to accuse or defend oneself, for he will be so deeply involved in watching the scenes of his life and imagination pass in front of his vision, sudden visions from that "world" and re-experiencing to that far denser world could be mentally totally exhaustive or even painful.

It is interesting to note that many of the experiences recorded above are simply a modern version of some of the events of "psychological stands." A thorough search of old hermetic poetry, ancient myth, fairy tales etc. will reveal the truth that they are simply a more primitive means of recording information than we have today, and that the basic information in them is correct and based on actual observation.

GATHERING, DRYING, PRESERVING, PREPARATION

When a mushroom field has been found one should arrange for them to be transported as quickly as possible to the place they are to be used, for they are very delicate plants.

Ideally they should be collected in large baskets during a fine morning, after the dew has risen but before the sun has a chance to weaken their strength. Never till baskets, but always peck very lightly. It is an old law never to collect more than you yourself

need, but if you wish to break this law, then they should be "shaded" together in such a way that they can be hung up over a natural fire, not in the direct radiation, but over the warm (not hot) air currents rising from the fire. They should be left there for some fortnight or more until they are bone dry, and to accomplish this it is necessary to check them every day to ensure that none of the caps are touching under more than the slightest pressure, otherwise wet and maggots will quickly undo it.

If this preparation is followed, the stage of neuter always associated with using Fly Agaric can be avoided, although unfortunately not contracted completely. There do not effect physical reactions, but mushroom music is increased by fear or rejection of the experience. Always remember that the slightly distressing symptoms will pass over in time and that following my instructions for mental preparation will help they them quickly. Acceptance is the keyword. Two to ten drops of Essential Oil of Peppermint mixed with two or three teaspoons of olive oil is used by some people at the same time as using Fly Agaric to help counteract neuter, but it won't work at all if food has been eaten during the previous 24 hours.

When hungry, this may be stored for a maximum of a year, when it is best to collect another crop.

Some Mexican Indians, were peyote mushrooms in guards for a year after which they are crushed to a powder and mixed with Thom Apple roots and three other flowers to sweeten the taste, all other fear ingredients having also been stored for a whole year and ground to a fine powder. The ingredients are then mixed in the proportion of one part fungi to one part of each of the other four ingredients. The mixture is then stored in a sealed gourd for another year, after which it is then transferred to a leather pouch kept hung around the neck and used when required. This was the mixture used by Carlos Castaneda to help him turn into a snake (See Bibliography).

After Korymbus have shed their mushrooms in the sun or in an open basket, they get their warden to drive the better fungus, for the vile taste often causes nausea and interference with the pleasure of the experience.

If the mushrooms are soaked in water and left in a gently warm place, covered with fine muslin, for about three days or more stirring or macerating each day, most of the poisons (including of course the magical properties) are dissolved out into the water, which the Korymbus and certain non-European put into wine and liquors, which they ingest naturally enough.

The essences of alkaloids of the Fly Agaric are exhaled into the air, which accounts for the Korymbus custom of drinking the urine of mushroom eaters. This custom tends to neutralize wasp stings but to refuse an offering brought is the most foul of crimes to the Korymbus, who will not possibly be expected to understand why one should refuse the chance to speak with the great spirit. Indeed in many desert regions of the world human and cattle urine is drunk with much for the sake of its salt content without which the wilderness would die.

SPECIAL POINTS OF DANGER AND CAUTION

Amorpha Muscaria is only one fungus of a family containing over a hundred species, many of which are very similar in appearance to each other. A common assumption is that all Agarics may be used as hallucinogenic agents with some great degree of safety, or alternatively that all Agarics are fatal poisons. Neither assumption is entirely truthful. It would be well to purchase a well illustrated text book on fungi, spending the first few months simply learning to recognise different species. Never eat food until the identity is known. No one wants to take one of the unfortunately fatal species during a hasty experiment.

Never take anything or maggot water specimens for consumption, even when you know that the species in question is definitely edible, although those slightly attacked by slugs are perfectly alright after thorough washing with cold water. Maggots eat into the flesh of the fungi leaving tiny holes, which slugs simply get very holes at the surface, the little crotchets.

It is especially easy to overdose with Fly Agaric, so one should never eat more than two or three thoroughly dried specimens (about 2" diameter) to begin with. After at least an hour, preferably

longer, one or two more may be eaten. With larger mushrooms take less in number. Some species are more poisonous than others so to begin with eat smaller quantities than suggested above may be advisable. However, if the practical hints and proper methods of preparation given are followed, and combined with common sense rather than paranoid caution, there should be no danger at all. Experience, patience and sharp perceptions are necessary. (Signed kills) It should be remembered that throughout history mushrooms have been taken to ensure that poisoning did not occur. Such precautions usually involved becoming experienced in the art of knowing whether it contains more of the poisonous principles or the hallucinogenic principles.

Such very real dangers are some of the reasons why the Sacred Mushrooms have been kept as closely guarded secrets. Blaise has already brought them into the open in many parts of the world.

ANTIDOTES

When it is known poisoning is a best to learn of the various antidotes and partial antidotes available and to keep them handy in case anything should go wrong.

In case even of mushroom poisoning it is always best to seek medical aid, and to specify to your doctor, if possible, exactly which mushrooms has been eaten, how much, how long ago. If this is not possible, take a piece of the fungus to the doctor or give him a good description and details of where it was found. In cases of mild poisoning where a doctor does not appear to be necessary but some form of emeticisation is required, the following may be administered carefully, in small doses and regularly, every half hour at first: decreasing dosage and increasing times between doses, as symptoms wear off) — brandy (be careful), camphor, medical charcoal, coffee, fat or oil to relieve the stomach. Emetics and purgatives can be used.

WAYS TO BE OBSERVED DURING COLLECTION AND CONSUMPTION OF NATURAL SUBSTANCES

Man is an integral part in a vast system of living things, all of which play important roles in the smooth flow of life. Until a person understands of the life elements in all things has been obtained, there can be no personal understanding of life, or respect for the self.

Your body, although capable of hanging on to the last fragment strands of life, is a very delicate structure indeed, and it should be learned which substances your body is capable of assimilating and using to further health.

Health does not only imply physical health, but a certain internal quietness of clarity of mind. Aggressiveness, despite all other fear and hate, are just a few of the internal disturbances all have to overcome before we are entirely independent. The word independent means that we do not NEED any particular things for our well-being and unless pleasure when at peace. We should be brought associated with nature and accept that a place in the cosmos with gratitude.

Indians collecting private facts do not ask them, they walk through the selected country in a straight line and as they happen to "jump into one", then it is for them to pay. They do not wander away from their path in collecting. They perhaps ten yards away for they assume that Mesquite will guide them if the time is right.

This is the attitude of many primitive people, who regard those who hurriedly search through the undergrowth as seeking pleasure and power.

It may be desirable whether or not to fingerprint some resident "spirit" but many doubtfully have the power to induce peculiar and important states of mind and if we look objectively at the effects, we find that they can do no more than alter the state of our mind. AS IT IS PREVIOUS TO conception. That those who make a habit out of using such things gain progressively less benefit each time. For they do not allow time to assimilate new experience into their life patterns, a process which may take weeks or even months.

Enjoying or suffering the purely chemical effects of hallucinogenic mushrooms serves no purpose other than to intensify the brain and therefore DULL the senses, exactly the opposite of the desired effect. Over stimulation of the system not only intensifies

harmful toxins to the body, but quickly uses up natural sources of energy, producing timidity inability to focus the mind, and lowers lethargy progressively deepening melancholy, nervousness, etc.

The key to perception of subtle things and of enjoying pleasures fully, lies in your own awareness of the pleasure and linguistic of being in the state for a while and indulging in the vast variety of things the world has to offer. To rely on such substances rather than the weekly ingestion of some chemical is more honest. In many parts of the world mushrooms are taken only a very few times in life, to act as a catalyst in the weakening of dormant areas, which once awakened may be harnessed in ordinary daily activity to keep them awake. Use of all life will eventually produce greater effects than a weekly dose of fly agaric, although it may sometimes be necessary for some people to take a short look at the experience of deeper regions of the mind, in order to solve some baffling problem.

Mushroom users always prepare themselves for some days beforehand, they decide exactly what it is they wish to achieve and ensure that any necessary directions are firmly implanted on the mind so as not to lose their objective during intoxication. Unless such procedure is attended to, the experience is likely to be merely a barrage of sensations and ideas swirling up from within. Such experience may indeed be pleasant, but it is in reality no better than getting drunk every night. It must be remembered that Fly Agaric are highly toxic. The value of the experience depends upon an understanding of the two kinds of pleasure and the two kinds of pain.

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This issue was put together by Philip Fraser, Bob Allen, Geoff Fordisburg, Sebastian Jorgensen, Jim Reed Olney, and Marie L and a special mention - Ian McCausland for the cover art!

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panthers split!

Over the past five months, the Black Panther Party appears to have split into two clear cut factions. This article, by a white writer who has supported the Party in the past and who has not taken sides in the current dispute, is an attempt to clarify some of the issues, incidents and politics involved in the split.

White people—those in the struggle and those who read this article—should keep several things in mind while trying to understand the current situation. The first is the vicious repression, from the federal level to the local police forces, to which the Panthers have been subjected almost from their beginnings in Oakland, California in 1966. Panther leaders have been murdered in cold blood (Fred Hampton and Mark Clark by the Chicago cops), forced into exile (Bobby Seale), imprisoned for months, often without bail and/or without having been found guilty of any crimes by juries of their peers (Huey Newton, Ericka Huggins, Bobby Seale, Jean Bird, Allen Shuster, Louise McClain), tied and gagged in the courtroom for trying to defend themselves (Bobby Seale). Few white in America including white revolutionaries, have suffered such systematic, day to day repression. Charges of "fanaticism" may sound exaggerated to white (and many black) ears; the gap between that view and daily realities have been much narrower for the Panthers and for other Third World people in the struggle.

A second thing to keep in mind is that the Panthers became a leading revolutionary organization in America by serving the people—black people—in concrete ways: free breakfast programs, free clinics, liberation schools, self-defense. They were the first major revolutionary party in America to openly advocate a new struggle. It is not surprising that the paper in all its veins should find this practice—coupled with a Marxist-Leninist analysis and a revolutionary socialist program—dominating to their wealth, power and control over black people.

A third point is our own responsibility for the Panther's current plight. Clearly, one contributing strain in the split is the external repression and the resulting diversion of the Party's energies and resources away from serving the people programs and community organizing into defense efforts and mass mobilizations. The Party has issued urgent call after urgent call for help from its white supporters. The kind of help they wanted was less in to mobilize massive white support for community control of police, in free political prisoners, and to build harm against further repression. Some white did these things, but all too many of us have responded all too often with little more than a

casual defiance. In the March 12 Good Times, Mike Henry writes that "the white movement's numerous involvement with the Panthers is so powerful as to out-rage the Panthers themselves." As examples, he points to Huey Newton's recent (and not theoretical) analysis, which got rave reviews from white intellectuals but left black fans complaining that Huey wasn't dealing with these immediate problems. If we had expended more consistently since 1966 and in greater numbers in the Panthers' calls for help—if we had mobilized masses of whites against repression and freed more Panthers prisoners, so the Party could go on with its programs without getting run down almost exclusively in defense work—it is situation might be very different today.

(One exception to this generalization about the lack of white support is the Communist Party USA, which did respond with organizational help, money and lawyers.)

Fourth, almost certainly, the influence of the paper has not been solely an external force operating on the Party. At one point over a year ago, Party leaders became so concerned over police infiltration (and other things) that they closed party membership for a period of months. Although no signs of internal problems have been visible in the current split, in my knowledge, we may safely assume that police infiltration within the Party are doing their part to exacerbate tensions and widen the split.

All of these factors—but especially the repression that the Panthers have been incited by for in the revolutionary struggle in ways that few of us can even imagine—should give white commentators a certain humility when discussing the split. (Unfortunately this has not always been the case. In the March 12 Good Times, Gaskie E. in the spirit of a 300-year-old white tradition, arrogantly accused the Panthers of playing "childish games." Much of his paper seemed to be based on the fact that the Panthers have not compromised much with the white alternative press, and that they are too "loud.")

On the other hand, it must be a primary trait of our revolution that no one, and no organization, is above criticism. On this score, both Third World (the Young Lords Party) and white revolutionaries (The Queerers) have criticized both factions of the Panthers for the destructive and un-Marxist ways they have sought to resolve their differences. A particular cause for concern is the fate of Bobby Seale, Ericka Huggins, Jean Bird, Allen Shuster, Louise McClain and other imprisoned Panthers if the two factions should dispute their struggles in unrestrained warfare—only the pigs can gain from that. (Jean and Allen had their head cracked and were thrown back into jail after the other two Panther 21 defendants who were out on bond, Michael Tabor and Richard Moore, jumped bond and split for Algeria.)

The two factions each have their own leaders, courts of operations and style. Conclusions about their ideological differences must be tentative at this point—the split has taken place piecemeal, with a lot of rough edges, with neither faction united around an explicit program or manifesto. Another thing to keep in mind is that the International Section in Algeria, thus the use of videotapes, has published its views far more often, directly than Oakland. Nevertheless, some clear differences seem to be emerging.

The winged by Hans Newman and David Hoffman the innumerable origins has deposited in the national affairs in Oakland. They have expelled most of the New York 21 for running the Party leadership and joining the Movement as an open letter. A leading member of the Los Angeles chapter, Edgar G. Galt, and all the entire international branch of the Party in Africa. They are waging a campaign of character against a new group, Edgar Galt.

The other leaders, centered in the more common French headquarters in Algeria and occasionally in New York City, just happened to be led by Chairman, but that was a name depending on its use, made Randless Chairman, Don Cox and the other Randless in Algeria. They have demanded that the Central Committee in Oakland remove David Mithell from his position as the Committee, and that they send out the New York 23 list of whom are added with the Chairman group and of the Randless who have been supplied by New York and Mithell. They are calling for a "struggle from the bottom up."

The political differences between the two factions seem to center around (1) decisions making within the party and (2) what level of struggle the party should be conducting on

11 Both factions expose a hole in democracy: outsiders. But the Algeria New York group says the hole lies too much on them—in the hands of Henry Kissinger and David Hillman—and not enough democracy. Specifically, they charge that Central Commission members in Algeria, Elhadj and Karboul-Chenoua and Don Cio—were not consulted about some of the most important, in democratic countries would be

Attorney Richard Pearson is an ex-convict who gained control of the Party between the late 1940s and the mid-1950s when the late Earl Warren was in jail and Newman was released, and who now manipulates Pearson by keeping him high on drugs. He has been accused of using Party funds for personal ends. Newman is being criticized for looking a little odd on the Globemaster stages of the party, riding on the back of Supreme Commander (changed later, after much criticism, to Supreme Servant), and for living in a \$6,000 month apartment in a white apartment building. (Newman's supporters defend the house as a necessary security measure against police attacks.) Some who have seen two videotapes prepared by the Algonquin say they are confused by Newman's repeated references to a "dream" and a "mission."

The complexity of over-accumulated authority is grown out of the Party's history. It began in 1960, in a small circle of scholars in Oakland. Since then, the Party has grown tremendously, but the Central Committee has been expanded only a little, to Brian David Hoffman and Kathleen Cleaver. For example, after the Party's first national-wide All Central Committee members' forum for those in exile in August 1980 in Oakland, a

Oakland has not really responded to these challenges at least, not in public. Then, communism had been the agent of Castro's revolutionism. It made sense, especially toward the end of the 1950s, to be clashing with his presence in Algeria against his will, and maintaining his loyalty, his lack of membership for assets having picked up the guns against the pigs and his brother-in-law's son in the East and against the world revolutionary struggle in the East. Castro had different views with the Cuban government while he kept them. They have also considered back Africa and

[illegible][illegible]

John Edwards didn't see any reason that the Party should have chosen all available means of struggle. "Anyway, that's just a completely antiquated put-on, mainstream view of the people. The Oakland leader came in to educate the people. The Oakland leader said, 'I don't see the spirituality of the meaning of the Oakland riots as a new brotherhood and more to put with building the spirit of greater power expression and not leaving it to the state to control the mind for the subordination of it, to it, that both the Party movement and people abandoned to more religious and dynamic. It is to it should also be noted that it's easier to find the social struggle in the US than Algeria, than in Algeria.'"

[illegible]

Perhaps the important question to ask is: what do the Panthers really plan to do to make a revolution? Here they are one of many black revolutionary groups in United States—and the whole black movement, as both the capitalist and the underground press, in our nuclear preoccupation with them, sometimes seems to imply. The best analogy we can draw is to the quiet hanging onto their chairs and being organizing masses of white people for a revolution which will liberate our whole society.

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music from a cultural ghetto.....

I admit I was not overjoyed at the prospect of receiving a stack of Australian albums. Even allowing for sentiment there is not really much that can be said about Australia's music at present in the past twelve months or so. *Adversity* is at an extremely difficult time to try and create true historic felt music in such a desolate time. But even so, the roots of rock music have been laid down here, at least here. For some fifteen years and it is interesting and disturbing that no religious able traditions have sprung up.

Being so unfortunately cut off from the rest of the world cultural has had a stifling effect on our music. You try and feel yourself that there is something akin to a resistance overtake our musical life. There seem to be more guitars, less emphasis on disco and dance music as such and slight glimmers of funk. It just is not as sophisticated as Graham Berry's *One Ark* (McKivie of the cosmopolitan) promising work on *30 Y*. People seem to be awakening from their lethargic terror and about to start creating their own culture.

The most promising aspect of this new cultural awareness is the birth of a genuine

Australian recording scene. For years groups came and went, made their music good or bad, and it was lost forever when they split. Or if they had achieved a fair measure of commercial success they were able to have behind them the musical legacy of a few hastily recorded singles. Occasionally some of the better groups were able to release a limited company approved LP which, needless to say, was completely sterile and devoid of musical integrity. However, lately things have improved to such a degree that groups as well as Festival have realised that with proper promotion and exploitation there is big money to be realised from the rock fronts. They have gone to the utmost lengths of letting promising groups such as Black Feather, Khava's Just and the Clowns out, albums of their own without the usual interference policy of a hot single. Such thinking leads one to at least feel a bit of optimism for the Australian recording industry. We are just sadly failing to live with current practices in London and Los Angeles. In the last six months there have been something like fourteen albums released by Australian rock musicians.

Heartening as they are, these figures have to be greatly qualified when one takes upon the task of reviewing the actual musical content of all these albums. Sadly enough, the picture is not a very encouraging one. The range of the music is tolerably wide, from the blues of Billy Thorpe and Chas's through the self-conscious outside world of Flying Circus and Greg Duff to the brittle and often shallow attempts at self-expression by Hans Poulsen.

Unfortunately the overall impression is one

of unexpressed bliss of the material gives you the feeling that it was almost consciously vomited up in the studio and wasn't torn and allowed to mature originally in the musicians' heads.

Perhaps the worst example is Billy Thorpe's *Home Is Where I'm From*. This isn't at all a thing in just a letter but too much to take seriously in 1971. After a full page size career on the and records. Billy has opted out to become a big bold bluesman. The whole thing is so inflated, arrogant and pompous that it is comical. Frank Zappa isn't coming up the position when something of such white pseudo-religious rage is laid. It's embarrassing that they are not embarrassed.

The album contains only four cuts but two of them are extended jam running over twenty minutes. Anyone who can sit through this stuff is a complete musical idiot and needs help. Kevin Marsh's post session work is disturbingly aggressive while bass player Paul Wheeler's third disc is forgotten almost as quickly as they are heard.

The album explores the old myth about Lobster Lloyd being a guitar genius. It has been easy for such legends to be propagated while the musician in question hasn't recorded an album on which he can be judged. However, on the strength of his work on the album *Lobby* is strictly in the backyard class. He simply can't sustain interest over an extended solo passage. His improvisation is only sporadic and his technique although workmanlike is limited. Compared to past performances recorded by Graham a couple of years ago this is a very poor stuff.

There is more of the fun and fairly inter-



play that evolved out of the *Champion* (Beggins) association. For all their volume and subtlety, the Aetere couldn't even aspire to the standard of such distinctly third rate bands as *Poss* and *Sewey Brown*. As for Thorpe himself, the last said the better. In my years of listening to music I have yet to hear a more lifeless, tasteless and inept vocal than Mr. Thorpe's. His wretched howling on "Gangster of Love" sits right out of a pop/rock context. Anytime with any seriousness and respect for the art form that is music will avoid this album to the plague.

Chase's live album is a different kettle of fish. Recorded some time ago and with a different line up the album nevertheless is an adequate indication of where the group is at today.

The main thing that strikes you about the album is the obvious honesty and sincerity of the musicians involved. There are no heads being fed here. The music flows smoothly with solo passages being shared mainly by guitarist Phil Manning and Warren Morgan on electric keyboards. Manning's solo, in contrast to Lloyd's, seem to have their basis in melody and not just random constructed torrents of notes. His playing is both clean and virile and gives you the impression that the limitations of the blues progression are beginning to frustrate and hence Manning's creative drive. Whether he loves this type of music in order to explore his own potential remains to be seen.

This is a good tight blowing album by a dedicated band working within the confines of the blues album. The recorded sound is of a reasonable quality and comparable to many overseas live albums.

Black (middle) are always heavy glitter based live from Sydney who have been slowly but surely finding a receptive audience in the last six months. Their music, mostly written by lead guitarist John Robinson, has its origins in English bands such as *Jethro Tull* and *Procol Harum*. They are one of the few bands around who are honestly trying to keep abreast of current musical thought.

Their Festival album *As The Mountains Of Madness* (Narned) after a typically frothy cut *H.P. Lovecraft* (now!) gives us a good glimpse of their musical values and unfortunately of their often glaring blunders and excesses. The cover features some mildly interesting guitar creations, presumably suggested by the lyrics. Unfortunately the opening track after which the album takes its name, is an idea that only the stout hearted would dare to venture on. Against a pretty, nicely modulated guitar figure Neil John's ghastly wailing antics were ridiculous pace of cut rate keyboard noise. The effect of which was to reduce me to helpless laughter.

Things pick up a bit on the next two tracks but it is the last cut "Mango's Theme" where the band really cut loose and start to get it off. Robinson's guitar playing is a synthesis of many influences and styles. Some easily recognized such as the Peter Green of "Supernatural" and "Albatross" vintage others such as John McLaughlin seem to appear on his shoulders from time to time. Bob Portman's bass playing, although fairly standard is interesting. One gets the feeling that it is still only finding his way on the instrument and will in time mature into a fully realized musician.

Alac Kan's drumming, although suggestive

of also but its overblown.

Indeed instrumentally the band is fine. It is only at the lyrics and vocal department that they break down. Like the bulk of Australian singer-songwriters John Robinson is hopelessly inadequate as a lyricist when compared to English writers such as Ian Anderson. They convey no perception or depth of emotion and seem to be merely strung together as an afterthought. The matter is not helped by the appalling singing of Neil John. Flat, dull, and listless. At best Ian Gillman and Robert Plant convey some kind of dramatic presence. Sell a band such as Black (middle) are trying to put their thing together and deserve all the encouragement and help they can get. As it is their album is one of the most interesting and thoughtfully conceived of the current batch of local albums.

Spectrum are another band who are causing a great deal of discussion at the moment. Unfortunately however their work are being blown up out of all proportion and their crippling faults ignored. Statements such as the one by the manager, Peter Andrew, "that Spectrum would have to be one of the best groups in the world" ultimately do the group more harm than good.

Such a statement could only be made by a man who is completely out of touch with the current musical standards of England and America. Doesn't he listen to records? For a group like Spectrum who are still in the process of moulding their musical identity to be compared to such mature and articulate bands like *Tony Williams Lifetime*, *American Lake & Palmer*, *King Crimson*, *Jethro Tull*, the band is not only inexperienced but extremely toothless. The band should be

disengaged to themselves and to living their music, so that they have some chance of competing with the top bands. To keep selling their low great they are only going to make the blow there tripping when it does. I really don't want them that the gulf between their music and the best music from across the waters is wide and deep.

The main thing that struck me again was the country of the lyric writing and Mike Poulos's swing holder than those delivery. The instrumental work, although heavily self-indulgent, is often quite engaging. It is clear that Poulos owns a lot to Frank Zappa. The again shows up the great insolvency of Australian musicians. Zappa was going into the staff back in 1965 with his double album *Frank Off*. Still it's a start.

Reflecting current English and American trends to be a softer, acoustic sort of doers, type of music are local affairs by the Flying Circus. Greg Quill and Hans Poulsen.

The Flying Circus are easily the most successful band playing in this genre. Unfortunately since the album *Plugged in* Poulos the group has broken up and the members have all gone their separate ways. It is a pity because they were all really into what they were doing. Unlike most Australian groups all the members were writing material and the sound has lifted from this. The songs for the most part are pleasant with easily remembered melodies and pointed lyrics. The main influence of course is the Byrds. Doug Rowe (singing himself as Roger McGuire and Rod McKuen) as Clarence White. It is all a harmless little fantasy which can easily be missed. At least they have got the right horses.

Incidentally the album is fine. The band is tight and the arrangements, although modest are not lacking in charm. What really drags it down is the production. Compared to the sparkle and clarity of a Byrds album that is terribly flat and muffled. It's a pity, because this was a good band. Rod McKuen's lead is a constant delight. He is one of the handful of musicians around who is really capable of doing fine things. It's deemed essential that Rod's own band, Powderhorn, had to break up because of lack of work. Nobody wanted to listen about them.

Greg Quill's album *Flawless Plain* is more of a personal statement. Where Greg Rowe has identified with Roger McGuire, Greg Quill has obviously been influenced by the "road" school of country singer/songwriters, whose best known spokesman is Jerry Jeff Walker. Again Quill's salvation lies in his sincerity. His music has many faults, not the least being its out-of-tune. But this put away the work of a man who is honestly trying to communicate his hopes and dreams to be sure his progress is a pretty well backward, but certainly a step forward and not too far from the world's end. He is not taking all this into consideration, the album was well worth doing.

It represents true involvement and a man can only be admired for trying his hardest to create beautiful things. The backing isn't too competent to American efforts in the same genre. Get a listen to Jerry Jeff Walker's classic album *Five Year Plan* on ABC. The guitars and drums were and out around the words, creating patterns and effects of competing beauty. It is obvious that these men have spent long hard years

seeing their dream and living life to the hilt. The backings on Quill's album are dominated by Poulos.

If their work on this record is any indication they are a very easily forgotten band. The playing is soggy and muddled, their solos dry and lifeless. The rest of the musicians are a pretty unimpaired lot too. It is to be hoped that people like Greg Quill will continue to work in this idiom. He is the sort of guy who probably has got a really good album inside of him.

Hans Poulsen is another singer/songwriter who has achieved a certain amount of praise, more due to his songwriting for such local luminaries as Johnny Farnham. He has produced a string of singles as "Jenny", "Rose General" (Jenny) and of course his latest epic, "Bloom Sea La La" (Hans). He has released solo albums in the main pretty poor stuff. It is hard to knock something that has obviously taken so much time and work to put together, but in all honesty it is a pretty poor performance.

Unfortunately Hans is another musician who has been inflated out of all proportion. For years he has been regarded as our top songwriter and the inevitable comparisons with people like John Sebastian were made. However, on the strength of this album, Hans is a very slight talent. The album is just a collection of slick superficiality. The songs are all extremely lightweight with tendencies to bubblegum and Hans' vocal mannerisms become very annoying after a couple of songs.

The bookies by musicians such as Mick Rodgers, Duncan McGuire and Graeme Morgan (not a bad little trio) seem strangely hollow and washed out. You can get an idea of Poulos's over-the-top nature when you compare "Neon High" with "Sweet Baby James" or John Sebastian. Could you ever see Poulos writing "Birds and Bees" or "Five and Four"? These sort of myths do so good and only encourage more pliancy which is the last thing needed in Australia.

Klaus Jute, another Sydney heavy trio, make their album debut on Festival's Infinity label. When the album was recorded they were a quartet with two lead guitarists in Tim Gaze and Dennis Wilson. The sound is built around Wilson. Most of the songs are his and he sings lead vocals. Once again the songs are extremely undistinguished and sound like left-overs from a Black Sabbath album. Wilson's voice is weaker and dull and does nothing to enhance the songs. Dennis Davidson's drumming is busy and helps carry things along.

Bob Dealley's bass playing is pretty ho-hum. It is the kind of album you could get through once or twice but there is not enough in it to sustain repeated listening. Wilson is a pretty competent guitarist but he doesn't know when to stop. His solos lose their sheen and become boring long before they finish. His work with work is fast, good stuff. After you have heard Jerry Heller or Frank Zappa. Jute are a band with a good raw look for improvement. If they can keep together for another year they might have something to offer.

The Classics is the other new Festival Infinity album. They are a more conventional, straight

ahead pop group. Although some critics are have some of the most honest music yet. Tap 1 for a Time.

One day soon you and I will know
About the time we are coming to
One day soon you and I will know
About the time we are coming to

speak for itself. Unfortunately the album is a lot better. Most of the solos are well constructed and fairly brief. The organ is particular common across well. The production is quite pleasing and the vocals have quite a bit of spirit. This is a lot less pretentious than most of the other albums and a lot more pleasing.

Masterpiece by the Masters Apprentices is probably the greatest waste of an album yet. There is no justification for doing like that. One wonders how they had the gall to release such rubbish. Not having heard Choice Cuts I can only hold out my hope for it.

The only few things are going to improve it by everybody adopting a more realistic attitude. Hardly any of these groups are up to serious standards and it is only harmful to suggest that they are. They have got a long hard struggle ahead of them and feeling common is not helpful. Now that the recording companies have taken the first big step, it is to be hoped that they will continue to stretch out and record local talent. It would be nice to hear albums from people like John Graham, Carl and Jerry and the Big Band.

There are a couple of really interesting bands coming up. Sundown are a good country band and Healing Force have it in them to become one of the best bands we have produced. Their exciting and original sound would be ideal for recording. The success of the Masters in London has given a big impetus to the local industry. Producers are more willing to take chances.

It is going to be quite a while before the musical climate in Australia really improves. There are going to have to be some drastic changes. Otherwise the music culture is regarded as a passing fancy which can be explored. Over there it is a big, serious business. The people who run the industry are themselves involved in the music, not like the pot-guzzled, middle-aged crims who run most of our record companies. It is a true reflection of a lifestyle. Most promoters and agencies have respect for their artists as musicians and men. They don't look down their noses at them and treat them as losers.

Rock music has been successfully integrated into people's lives. In Australia the whole situation is different. The people who run the industry with a few notable exceptions like Ron Tudor and the Lel are by people are not at all interested in the music they exploit. The musicians are shamelessly exploited by promoters and agents. Is it any wonder that they become fed up and take the easy commercial way out?

The smarter bands are going to start managing themselves and hopefully some well-informed ones will set up their own record companies. But the main thing needed is a complete cleanup of all the shady people making a living on the fringe of rock music. And in the meantime work of Ralph 2 Smyth. Don't forget to wash behind your ears.

Tony Conway

bob's page

THE FIRST AUSTRALIAN FILMMAKERS FESTIVAL

Sydney filmmakers are organising this fest all which is co-sponsored by The Sydney Filmmakers Group Ltd and the Film Society and Film Group at Sydney University. It is being financed by a grant from the Australian Council for the Arts.

"We are organising the festival to bring filmmakers together to screen and discuss their works in open forums with audiences." And it will take place at the Union Theatre, Sydney University, from Monday 23rd August to the 26th, from midday to midnight.

The festival will be FREE — no admission charges, no charge for the program, no fees for screening films, no payments to organisers, etc. "We would like all filmmakers to come to the festival and bring their latest or most representative work for screening. If they can't come, we would like those to send their work, screening and freight both ways will be paid by the festival and their work will be covered by insurance whilst at the festival."

The festival will screen films in 35mm, super 8, 16mm, 10mm, and will also include video, expanded cinema and multi-media. An exhibition of filmmakers' documents will also be held in conjunction with the festival.

We would like to hear from anyone who wants to participate in any way at all in the festival — the festival office is at 123 Arthur St, Surry Hills, NSW 2000 (phone 31 50121) — **Happy Hail to the Festival!**

ALSO

The new supplement for the Sydney Film makers Group catalogue is now available from the Coop office, 88 Fox Valley Rd, Wahroonga, NSW 2076.

Next time you get a parking ticket instead of paying up to \$4 for your car to get a standard sticker (cost for less than 10 cars). This is just a standard form that can be obtained at most supermarkets. Fill it in explaining that when you left your car you had a fit of diarrhoea/haemorrhoids/flatulence and had to seek relief. Get it signed by a JP (there is always one in big shopping or business areas) for no charge and send it instead of the money. Personal data is given the security with success. Don't do it too often in the same council area!

AUSTRALIAN CINEMA

There has been a little more about the emerging Australian film industry than people might get the impression that something is happening. Of course there are the given small grants that are helping to get a number of projects off the ground and some number keep asking locally financed producers

All this is meaningless however — in the present

structure of film production and distribution. The point is that no matter how many films are made here (and the number is small any way) for them to be a case proposition for the producers they need distribution. And they're really tied up. The cinema circuits are a thoroughly most serious thing owned by Greater Union and Ugcit and they don't really want to know. When they do show a local film it's a big deal for everyone except the producers who receive a fraction of their costs back for their trouble.

Films such as the Naked Barry (I have been taken on the road with a fair amount of success to get and the circuit monopolies. However, this is not going to be satisfactory for a hopefully growing industry.

One way to guarantee the problem of distribution and recovery of expenses would be to set up a small (initially) alternative circuit comprising a cinema in each of the capital cities to show both Australian and overseas films that don't get a showing in the main circuits. There is a multitude of amazing films well known outside of Australia that have never had a showing here, and not all of these due to our censorship problems. It's amazing how limited our showings are and the yearly festivals don't go near making up for it.

Anyway, not to get too carried away with it all — the alternative circuit as described could serve the dual function of showing films and getting money back into local producers' hands. The biggest problem in getting a film off the ground in Australia is finance and this directly relates to distribution. So for us to know that it is such an incredible hang-up they are not willing to get movies into a project — regardless of quality — with such remote possibilities of getting a showing.

Financing of the alternative circuit could be done in two ways. Firstly as a cooperative venture between the film producers and by way of a fee on all cinema tickets sold for non-Australian films. This is done both in England and in Israel to subsidise local film producers. A small percentage of each ticket sold is channelled into producers' funds. So let's get it together, it all sounds so easy and yet and yet.

went/looking back bugs I

Below!

Those nice men from the Narcotics Bureau who tell you pad and go when they can't find anything (right and fast) again five minutes later and take you and the gun.

Depending on what you say

There now have a habit of having location like downers which are microphone transmitters with a range of 300 yards.

They — all around the corner in their cars and (now to you tell) where it's at.

[APP]

It is our duty to bring up our mind, to know, honor and obey us. If they don't, they must be punished. We would not be doing this for us.

If they grow up to love, honor and obey us we have been blessed for bringing them to properly.

If they grow up not to love, honor and obey us

either we have brought them up properly or we have not.

If we have there must be something the master is doing.

If we have not there is something the master is doing.

Knots — R. D. Lang

It is behind you but does it bother looking back? The distance between you is an illusion.

My life looks as if it all been being shown on an empty (and sound) and everything around had no meaning to me. I had no sensation other than fear which was itself being unrolled from inside or part into the shoulder.

I'm glad I don't know what you want from me. I can only see myself out there based with the same old aspects (looking my face).

I can only see and see ultimately my experience is irrelevant to you and light to me.

"My view is that a child is innately wise (I) realize. If left to himself without adults suggestion of any kind, he will develop as far as he is capable of developing. Logically, Sussanahoff is a genius in which people who have the innate ability and wish to be educated will be educated while those who are only left to learn the events will learn as the events. But we have not produced a more clever so far. We do have the possibility, but would rather see a school produce a happy (even) clever than a nervous school.

Sumnerdell AS Neil

rockreviews

1 REVOLUTION STAR SYSTEM with guest artists

CODE

Available 1111 Hot shot — buy

Crazy 111 — buy — buy

Insane 11 — borrow

Rockology 1 = Hot shot = steal



WRITER CAROL KING—CAROL KING — CODE 77000

Most people know of Carole King through her reputation as a songwriter, being half of the Goffin-King team, one of the more prolific writing combinations of the 60s. If she can maintain the standard set down in "Writer" her success in the future will come around Carole King the performer. Many Goffin-King compositions have achieved considerable commercial success, being custom written for established singers but, fortunately few of these appear on this LP. She tends to use songs that are far more lyrically colorful, songs like "Going Back" and "Waitin' For You to Follow," that appeared on the Byrds' "Notorious Byrd Brothers." "Goin' Back" is actually on the LP. Her voice has a distinctive sound, being nicely pitched as a lead vehicle for the cool, sweet lyrics and a pleasant change from the majority of contemporary female vocalists. And on five wonderful songs playing large servings of acoustic guitar from James Taylor, and the subtle swirls of Jo Jo White with Danny Kortbeem's racy lead guitar and the result is an album that is musically as balanced as any.

Carole King's association with James Taylor has obviously been fruitful, probably exerting influence on the selection of material and the arrangement of it. It could have easily resulted in some more popular compositions and sound arrangements. Her new album "Tapestry" could lose some of its edge through the inclusion of such songs as "Natural Woman" and "Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow" which could not possibly get her style. Her songs in the past are concerned with the adult relationship living up but two excellent

tracks deal with the feelings of the adolescent from degradation to, er, Taylor's guitar carries beautiful melodies sounding out in many places, complementing and being enhanced by Carole King's piano. "Katharine" is lead has a strong rock just feel but breaks are fast and clean and he constantly responds to Taylor's playing. This suggests a trust noticeable throughout the track. "Open Book" and especially in the solo, first Taylor's acoustic leading into Katharine's electric lead which develops the melody further. This suggests a characterization of Jo Jo White a very tight-knit group, advice is being far rarely been as good as on this album. Their playing on Kate Taylor's recent album is quite an distinguished. Carter (Larkin) and Joel O'Brien combine to produce light and some what inconspicuous rhythms, leaving the sound pretty thin but the pace and tone of the songs hide this to some extent. "Moo" synthesizer is used in lieu of an orchestra giving Carole King more control over her arrangements, it is used sparingly but to great effect.

The songs themselves are nearly all of excellent quality, the exceptions being "Spaceman Blues," an up tempo track that sounds very much like a Byrds material, and "To Love" a country style number with dull lyrics and a poor vocal. These tracks do not offend however and are fairly noticed because of the brilliance of the others. The Tom Stern song "Raspberry Jam" stands out. Eventually as the best track on the album. Carole King's voice gives dominance here, carried by Carole's piano, and the song is as fresh and sweet as is Joel O'Brien's voice solo. The double tracked vocal comes over quite well. Eventually is a beautiful song and here Taylor is depicted in a completely unadorned way coming on with a delicate melody. The strings are nice and, once again, the double tracked vocal is effective. The lyrics are good.

I am the thinking prize
I see them leaning up the stairs
I see people better they than me
I'm worth
I know that the future
Depends on you and me
I hope we can work it out
Eventually

Good. Back's it as good if not better than the Byrds version. James Taylor is forte on guitar and backing vocal. A pleasant arrangement and song well. "Can I You Be Real" has excellent lyrics and a song quite forcefully. Subsequent to gain the key, many more and Karol plays a fairly standard solo lead on this track and I Can't Hear You No More." "Up On The Roof" is superb, the place is slow, the lyrics reflective and the piano and guitar set the appropriate mood. Beautiful selection. "No Easy Way Down" has a powerful vocal with female chorus which is good for a change especially on the other track, in

which they appear. Good. Selections 11 I Can't Hear You No More

It is unfortunate that this album has been overlooked and forgotten with I can't hear you in the presence of his last LP. "Tapestry" and its favorable acceptance by American critics there may be a little more about, characterized towards "Writer." The album thoroughly deserves it.

Glenn Chaffin

RE CODGER — REPERE 6400, American Import

This is a very offbeat album from one of America's leading session musicians. As a guitarist, Codger has played behind some of the biggest names in the music business — The Beatles, Eric Clapton, Taj Mahal, Randy Newman, Judy Collins — the list is endless. A lot of time and thought have gone into the making of this album. The arrangements, mostly by the ubiquitous Van Dyke Parks, are complex and take a lot of time to get into it. The quality of the sound recording is almost noticeable. The songs range over the entire spectrum of American traditional music. One of the finest tracks, "Available Source," is a brilliant 8-16 rock solo with an old timey feel. On "Kiss-a-dog-bless" he carefully recreates the virtuosic picking style of early blues man Blind Blake. Going to Broadway — another old blues song, this one by John Elder, is used as a vehicle to demonstrate the history of the mandolin. Dark is the night, one of Blind Willie Johnson's spirituals is played as a bottle neck solo. Perhaps the weakest track is "Big Blue" and "One More Shot." The arrangements are swatches of discordant modern music clash with 1930's Hollywood style adornments. The effect is original and quickly grows on you. The only real failure on the album is her version of Randy Newman's "Old Kentucky Home." He would have been wiser to stay away from this one as it suffers by comparison with Newman's definitive version. Codger does it down and

Continued page 42 —

PLAYPOWER!

cops don't know the rules

Richard Neville, the not quite self-appointed spokesman for the London underground, has changed after nine years in the mother count ry (breaks and all still subconsciously seem to say London as their true spiritual home)

Neville saw his and-mixed panepolitical magazine become England's top underground paper. BUT the playpower politics of dropping out and turning on wern, it seemed, more reflected in the pages of OZ than on the streets of London. After a work-trip to promote his book *Playpower*, Richard wrote a long article in OZ last February complaining of piggishness and aggression by long hairs around the world. He explains the deflowering of the hippies: 'The flower-child that OZ urged readers to plant back in '67 has grown up into Bernadine Dobson, for Timothy Leary, hippus has become a warm gun. Charles Manson goes to the top of the paps and everyone-hip is making war and loving it. Movement sophists can easily reel off the oppressive chain of events which has produced us from droppin'-out euphonic gregariousness to the contemporary pulsing gang bang. It's a logical hop from Kent State to the trendy genocide of 'to kill a policeman is a sacred act' (Llwy).

Then he adds: 'but I cannot pull the trigger.'

His argument is that 'it was in the formative stages of the counter culture tempting, if naive, to hope the with the intake of id liberating rock, liberating dope, the emerging group tenderness, communal living style and an intuitive political rebellion... that from all this qualitative change in the conduct of human relationships might develop. This is very briefly, the argument, threading its way through his book *Playpower*, the heads guide to the international underground.

By this February article Neville had snarled and tasted a bitter bee active among the flower people: 'now, as the movements offerings reach fever pitch, as the rhetoric becomes more fanatically fascist, affectation suffocates reason and arguments lose conviction.' In Australia's case, there has been not too much reason and even less conviction. Neville was

in fact lamenting the decline of his own Australians-London peer-group into trendy jet setting old-fashioned Bohemianism, and the tendency for the up-coming freak-masses to be brutal in their antiestablishmentism, both in words and actions. It was as though they were standing arms outstretching striving to hold the mind revolution together while the political and the angry disillusioned pulled one arm off as the burned out drop outs tagged at the other. To share Neville's distress you have to be in his position, that is, to be naive that by dropping acid, fucking in the streets, rejecting as many of the judeo-christian mores as you can, by overcoming ego, transcending superego, and liberating it, the new generation will infect the belly of the beast and drive the pigs to distraction and an early political burial.

Detective Fred Luff of London's vice squad finally got Neville and he hopes OZ too. The biker Luff has harassed OZ for years, for its obscenity (which Neville explains: 'May be it seems from its Australian origins, but whenever Oz does flash its sexuality it does so with a vulgarity, ostentation and selfish that happens to be the unadorned style of those involved with the production of the magazine.')

Luff is not amused by this colonial quirk, so he raided Neville's flat with hash puppies and drug-squad men who 'just happened to be passing by' the warrant was under the obscene publications act, but the charges were possession of a 'dangerous drug' (ganabul). The rightists divided in Britain yet when Luff made sure Neville got no bail.

Says Neville, 'It was the first time for many years that I felt frightened.'

Having been busted, Neville looked back on his own euphonic past, 'Up until the pre-Christmas raid, Felix, Jim and myself had granted the harassment of OZ with only sporadic bursts of seriousness, as had many of our friends. It was instinctively assumed that we could ultimately establish in court that OZ could not deprave and corrupt, even if it meant re-defining the whole concept of obscenity.'

Now 'it has finally dawned upon us that the authorities in this country take our publishing seriously more seriously than we do... the police had been watching all our houses for some time... they virtually admitted to tapping all our phones and they have even downed mail, little known facts of our personal lives.'

And, to the applause of the marxists of all stripes, the punchline of any good convention: 'The pick axing of this magazine is nothing less than political censorship: we are fun, faggancy, pointless sex and the permanent strike of dropping out as part of an emerging new community, but painfully acknowledge the limitations of leading on the present society and becoming stooges of consumer

punkiness. We appreciate that Oz artists are often adventurous, eclectic, dilettantish, narcissistic and juvenile, but we are congenitally incapable of liking a solemn fun free future, cutting care beneath some spartan banner of liberation.

Neville's objection to the militant left is their refusal to see fun, enjoyment, personal liberation and emotional honesty as both the means and the end of the revolution. He is afraid that socialism means solemnity, hard physical work, and organisation. While some amongst the militant left would refute this image with tales of sexual liberation, mind liberation (free rock music, drugs, mysticism or whatever), the mere fact of belonging to the 'red/green left' implies a style that owes most of its origins to the very society it aims to destroy. Changing the ownership of the means of production by the same means as the current ruling elite employs (violence and conventional mass propaganda), is destined at least to be a slow process of radicalisation through defeat. (When you use bricks against bombs, clearly you can only win by converting everyone up to the bomb-sighters that your cause is in their interests too). But what distinguishes the revolutionaries of bourgeois nations in the 1970's, is the totality of their rejection of the society in which they are brought up. Everything from the prevailing equality through the macro-economics of the world system, to the absurdity of everyday conventions, is fudged. The first step in achieving a widespread revolutionary consciousness is thus to spread the awareness of the absurdity of false standards. To show that it's not only the Vietnam war that's immoral, but that the very thought patterns and style of human relationships of the U.S.A. (and thus Australia), are grossly warped. It's not enough to know that money rules American foreign policy - you must be aware that money rules 'civilised' Man.

Neville clings to his conviction that rock, pop culture, dole-sapper tactics, dogs and free sexuality represent the awareness in practice, and that to propagandise it wins over outsiders. Or is corrupting. One area of liberation Oz and Neville have only gradually come to admit is women's liberation, and elsewhere in this issue we have an article on Australia's leading liberationist, Germaine Greer. (It seems to me that, with exactly half the world in this army here lies the biggest sleeping giant of all).

The lesson Neville seems to have learnt is that one must take THEM seriously, even though ridiculing them and refusing to play their game, are central to the mind revolution. But while it is certainly true that 'the authorities' are deeply serious in their absurd posturings about the depravity that will arise from free sexuality and the poisonous evils of marijuana, they are not the all knowing, all-seeing computer against many among the left track community believe them to be. While warning and caution desperately need to penetrate the cloudy euphoria of the stoned revolutionaries, to do so the whole

community committed to equal and fluids mental change need to realise the huge power of the alternate culture to erode the power-establishment giving them a vision of heaven instead of a cold bribe of better pay lured by the threat of hell.

The international conspiracy of the powerful and their obedient armies of technicians, is more likely to be overthrown by eroding the web of social mores and behaviour patterns from under their rocket-launchers — than by trying to take over their machinery (by any means available) and hope we regain our humanity once we run General Motors.

As the feeling grows that it's the machine that threatens us more than the driver, the vision any promises of technology as our saviour broadcast by Buckminster Fuller and others stand as the most desirable solution, just ahead of a 'regression' to unbridled society where man can comprehend and control his tools and live in harmony with his environment. (what's left of it).

Does Richard Neville or Albert Langer give us better advice on capturing our self determination and happiness. Neville appears to say that the cops (although 'a bunch of aging ignorant, naive, guilt-ridden religious bigots') are also part of 'an enormous complex mechanism' of repressive power. But the world will remain hungry if on the other hand I doubt very much that Albert would discover a sense of humanity (or humor) when surrounded by liberated children in a sewing snail factory. It is hard to understand the mentality that fights for the harmonious, happy, equal society (if Mum's is genuinely like that), and yet denies the intelligence of that freedom, during the struggle. To act free, to play, is an essential, potent weapon in the battle.

—PHILLIP FRASER

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INTELLECTUAL CONTENT'
SYDNEY MORNING HERALD









Ben Lewin

rockreviews

— from page 34

It sounds like a singer: Costello's voice, although not spectacular, is quite pleasant, especially on the blues numbers. A very pleasing album by a man who, although not a writer in the strict sense of the word, seems still forgotten songs and arranges them in such a way as to make them accessible to today's listeners without losing any of their charm and old-timey feeling.



JUNTITLED — The Byrds — Columbia

(Unlabeled) It's not the album it should have been. It turned out that the *Titled Of Easy Rider* would be a new point of departure for the Byrds, but their music has stagnated. This is probably one of the thinnest double albums I've heard, in the sense that it contains no more than three or four really worthwhile tracks, and only one outstanding cut.

That one is Gene Parsons' "Yesterday's Train" (an autumn breeze, beautifully paired ballad that shows just how good a writer he is. His "Gunga Gun" was one of the better things on the last album, but this song surpasses it for sheer grace and beauty. Parsons has a warm, reassuring voice, and it doesn't matter much that his words are a little convoluted. He sounds as though he's lived this song, which is more than can be said for McGuinn, whose words range from inspired to repellent. "Yesterday's Train" uses both channels to balance a drifting smooth-kelp break against a tremulantly mellow guitar line. The whole thing is quietly splendid.

The rest of the double album, however, is all too bare. The first track, "Charcoal Man," is a good song with a breathtaking look to Canada with the chestnut man's plunge. McGuinn collaborated on the track with Jacques Levy, of "Oh Calcutta!" notoriety. There are some great moments on songs like "All Things" and "Just A Season," but all too often McGuinn appears to be perceiving the mark of the original Byrds. He's maintained the style, but in doing so he's missed it (a bit hard), and the Byrds' (nationalist) guitar has lost its soft charm. As though to balance these spinning, reflective pieces, the group also embarks upon a few cheerless rockers. The intent is obviously to sound pretty rough and raunchy, but the effect is deaden-

ing. Kim Fowley, one of the Sunset Strip mavens, has turned his hand to writing again on the album (his last efforts were under the guise of Napoleon on the Fourteenth — you may recall him, but if you don't you're pretty fortunate), and has come up with some sketches that match his past history. Things like "You All Look Alike," "Hungry Planet" and the appalling "Will Come Back Home" don't belong on a Black Sabbath album, let alone a record by the Byrds.

But if the studio-recorded album is poor, the "live" album is almost unbelievably bad. One tale it takes up initially is the classic "Eight Miles High", and the other contains a selection of songs which, whatever their inherent merits, are all played with the same deadly indifference. "Lovin' On The Flycatcher" is probably the best, as McGuinn's nearly delivered is put to its theme. Beyond that, though, there isn't much: the original idea of reworking "Mr. Tambourine Man", "Mr. Spaceman", "Wichita Man" and so on was discarded enough, but the Byrds play as though these songs long ago lost all interest for them. Even Costello's "Positively Fourth Street", which they haven't recorded before, often like the rest.

"Eight Miles High" is the lowest point in the history of the group. I should imagine that they can do no worse than that, so perhaps their next album will regain some ground. The whole mood of "Eight Miles High" depended upon its contained tension, sustained through each instrument build up to that the notes could let it flood like a landed sound, each time they swept it. In concert, however, it has become nothing more than a chance for the group to jam more thoughtlessly, without regard to form or progression, let alone to the nuances that made this such a great song. To be sure, there are moments when the playing is impressive, but you tend to expect a lot more from musicians as highly regarded as these. "Eight Miles High" just never gets off the ground.

Gene McGuinn has reformatted the Byrds once, slowly for two years. The group recovered from its move to Byrds and Mr. Hyde album to reform Easy Rider, but this will take a lot more recovering from. It does appear that McGuinn just doesn't know what kind of band he wants the Byrds to be, and while he does, and changes its line-up every few months, he's never likely to find out. It's apparent that McGuinn's own existing ideas are very vague indeed, but it's possible that Gene Parsons will be the fourth member of the Byrds to emerge as a fairly major song writer after Gene Clark, Chris Hillman and David Crosby (all of whom, significantly, did that last writing when they were with the group). Time has shown that you can never write McGuinn off, though how many more times he can prove the Byrds remain to be seen.

Rob Smyth



IF I COULD ONLY REMEMBER MY NAME — DAVID CROSBY — Atlantic SD 7303

It's hard to believe that David Crosby's success as part of C.S.M. & V, that he's put out such a good record. It's only occasionally pretentious when it might have been continually overbearing because of the presence of most of the Grateful Dead, Jefferson Airplane, Jon Mitchell, David Freiberg, Neil and Young, and a few others. Stephen Stills' direction (only album showed) that it doesn't matter who you're going to play with you if the music you're playing is mediocre.

On the other hand, David Crosby has used the musicians on his album more successfully. I'm inclined to think that the membership of Garth, Lush Cassidy, Kulkerson and Kerkstram must have helped Crosby to a large extent. Jerry Garcia is unmistakable on the tracks on which he appears, shaping and restraining with his experts, that line. The same can be said of Lush and Crosby. It is the end, though, it gets down to the songs, which are mellow and easy, with two glaring exceptions. When I first got the record on, I chuckled upon hearing the familiar voices of Graham Nash and Neil Young on "Silent Is Love" — you might expect this to be a joyous song, but not so Neil Young sings "Myra's For Fun" in a voice that suggests that this and of the world is high and Nash warbles as though there's a high wind blowing through his lungs. The song which really is slight is overpowered by the singer's over-empirical, appearing voice. I think Crosby is in there somewhere too. The next track is the other best one, "Crosby Move", which rolls out to eight minutes and two seconds is too tedious to sustain anything like even half its length. It bears an obvious resemblance to Neil Young's longer song. Young's guitar is allowed to work over the same clichés yet again, and the result doesn't, but thinking about Crosby shouts out the words in a hoarse, gasping voice as though he knows the whole thing needs some lifting.

From then on, though, the album doesn't have a single bad moment. The third track on the first side is "Tumbalugha Hut (An About 21)", really like a calm sea, and was the theme for the remaining six songs. "Laughing" is that, the kind of song that Crosby was moving towards when he was with the Byrds. The echo of his early "Aspen Song" can be heard through the echoes of other songs.

rockreviews

that this suggests. The reluctance toward the phrasing acoustic guitars and more of all Jerry Garcia's utterly beautiful intelligent playing. It's the whole thing into a dimension, just beyond the physical surface. Laughing runs to live minutes, it might have gone for the only length of the side without losing its hold.

"What Are Their Names?" which opens the second side, is a little slow to begin, but suddenly because the vocal is held back until the song is working towards its conclusion, the voice becomes instrumental in the way carrying the guitar passages on the words, finally don't matter. The truly remarkable thing about this album is the way it has done away with lyrics, where voices are used they're used as patterns of sound, to great effect. "Traction In The Rain" is light and still, wet streets and thinking about getting out. "Going With No Words" is a nice extended of passage of drifting piano guitar and voice tracks, which leads to the two finest things on the album: "Ghosts" and "I'd Swear There Was Somebody There." "Ghosts" is intense and almost eerie, the point between each phrase is the acoustic voice is timeless. Finally, the guitars take the song into silence. "I'd Swear There Was Somebody There" casts shadows in the long afternoon. I can hear back doors opening, an faces that I can almost recognize. There is an absolute stillness over this song which reveals springs of memory. You'll know it when you hear it because you've heard it before, in a dream.

There isn't much else to say about this album except that I hope David Crosby takes it as conceptual vision to its conclusion with his next record. If I *Could Only Remember My Name*, could have been a great record, not just a good one. Still, it sounds as though David Crosby has been listening to the wind, and he's interpreted its voice better than anyone before him. He just doesn't need other songs.

Rob Smyth



DEREK AND THE DOMINOES, LAYLA AND OTHER ASSORTED LOVE SONGS - ATCO/Amnesia Import

Unfortunately Eric's music has suffered with his increasing confidence. He has taken a step back. Anyone hearing Clapton for the first

time on this double album would go away with the impression that Clapton was just another competent blues guitarist. There is very little of the fire and brilliance which he displayed in his years with Cream. Indeed the most outstanding sales on the album are taken by American slide guitarist Duane Allman. His solos, always economical, yet melodic are breathtakingly beautiful, particularly on "Bell Bottom Blues". He sounds especially moving but on the majority of tracks he sounds dull and flat. His singing on "Key to the Highway" is downright depressing. The real trouble with the album however is its length. Two albums of 12 bar blues makes it just a little hard to take. With judicious editing they could have had a good strong single album. Most of the tracks are too slow to warrant individual mention but a 1955 treatment of "It's Too Late" is worth a listen. As a tribute to Hankins they do "Little Wing". Their version adds nothing new to the original which was best left alone. The Dominos are a good tight competent outfit but they don't generate the fire and excitement that Maas Bruce and Baker used to produce. It seems that Eric needs men like Bruce playing behind him to inspire his playing. It's a bit sad to see him settle for music which is obviously not extending his abilities.



"AMERICAN BEAUTY" - THE GRATEFUL DEAD - Warner Bros

The Grateful Dead have really consolidated their position as one of the world's great grooves with this beautiful album. It is a sequel to and extension of "Workingman's Dead". All the rough edges have been smoothed, the harmonies are faultless and the guitars slide along smoothly like velvet ripples. The songs, all originally by the group, have pretty easily remembered melodies and clever yet simple lyrics. They remind me of old themes like "Candy Man" with a new slant which completely changes the concept. This is all a far cry from their frayed out acid albums of a couple of years ago. The songs show a disengagement with society, big cities and the hassles of travel across the country. Most of them are concerned with the simpler values associated with rural living. Perhaps the most immediately striking song on the album is "Truckin'" which is a parodist history of the

grass, their friends' bands and one night stands. My personal favorite is the beautiful "Apple" with its lilting chorus "Apple in tall waters where no paddle can steer". The album stands up very well to comparison with The Band's last album "Stagefright". Both groups have been through years of similar hairy years and now they have sorted themselves out, settled back and just let the music roll over. The Dead sound a lot softer than The Band. They rely more on acoustic guitars and soft harmonies but for all the lightness of texture the sound has a hard core of strength and integrity. Robert Hunter's lyrics are more naive than the ones on "Workingman's Dead". His writing seems to have deepened and gained in maturity. It is hard to envisage a better album than this but I've no doubt the Dead will be even better on their own.

SINK

Going down
he dropped a cylinder
he reached the floor
just in time to see it
explode like a skydiver
article
his face frostbite with glam
daddy
her face covered in soffit
hues
ejections up the elbow
quintessence
and white and blue
daddy i'm so very cold
summer
you've been crying
red streaks like careless tradesmen
fired
her first hemorrhage
mofness little girl
mammation
the man who rustproofed the
neighborhood gathering
blood pressure
the old windscreen he ground
her face in
hydraulic pump
we can save her life
plastic surgery
no more fossil jelly
the pen's stopped

- LUKE BURZA



German groups are considerably better acquainted with the often from which they come, relating closely to the attitudes of their young audiences and participating in the revolution — in a far more positive way than any other bands with the possible exception of MC5 or Edgar Broughton, who is extremely popular in Germany and emulated by many local groups.

The featured German group in the *Fest* Festival was Amen Duet, but this bag band no longer exists. Right after the festival it split into four separate bands, each retaining the name. Two of the Amen Duet bands have put out successful recordings, with Amen Duet II's second *Phallus Dei* and *Yes* released around as Liberty. Amen Duet III are the purveyors German band — heavy purity electronic jazz influenced and psychodelic inspired.

The role of jazz in German rock can be partly attributed to the American occupation in Germany after the war — which still persists.

In its western the American Command organ used jazz bands to entertain the troops, and the free electricity New York jazz supplied by the Aylons, Calhoun, Stepp and so on can now be heard echoed within the rock, blues structures of German bands.

Germans take life seriously and it is not surprising that their preferences in foreign music should be less for bubble gum music and more for heavy sounds. For one thing the serious approach to life has led to a unique music problem: not the usual to simulate jazz or jazz-like character in

Australia, but, intelligent, socially-conscious criticism by musically named young writers, who are published at length in the daily press, as well as in German rock magazines like *Rock*.

Among the heavy bands are the Flax of Cologne, a line pre-banded that in the manner of the Flax presents no work as coherent. They have been playing since 1966, but their ideas are working directly in relation to youth activities, currently preventing a rock scene dominated against Germany, called *Prolet* Culture, which is stayed with the support of apprentice workers. Marxism taught in prison, any kind in Germany, so that German words is politically articulate in a way not always able in any other country. The Flax of Cologne concerns the driving force of advanced capitalism as economic and sexual capitalism, and reflect this in the attitudes of their music, which on occasions has been performed with the groups completely naked. In their recent *Himmelstempel* (see below) the Flax sang about: Conveyor belt baby — the child of the laborer who could only go to elementary school, who cultivates his work and frustrates in revolution period conveyor belts with his fellow workers. Conveyor belt baby must get married, must have child ren, must do housekeeping, because working is fun.

This announcement is expressed in different ways by other bands like Lambert (W) and Klaus Banny who are real people's bands, living in communities and producing their own records. The Tangent Dream (see below) are real people's bands, living in communities and producing their own records. The Tangent Dream (see below) are real people's bands, living in communities and producing their own records. The Tangent Dream (see below) are real people's bands, living in communities and producing their own records.

While 1971 can be regarded as the year of international awareness of Australian rock, it might just as well be the year that German rock makes its international reputation.

Until 1968 rock was barely regarded, even in its own country. Then Ralf Ulich Kaiser organized the first major festival in Germany in Bonn, and called it the Gross International Song Festival. The Flax and Frank Zappa's Mothers of Invention were invited along with all the German groups that were not just covering the top forty. More than anything else the festival set Germany on its heavy path, for the influence of the Mothers and the Flax is still dominant in German music, and is aware of strong blues free jazz influences, which account for the fact that the Soft Machine is one of the most popular foreign groups in Germany.

Unlike Australia, German musicians face difficult competition in bands for most name American and British bands tour in Europe regularly and just as hard local bands are likely to get exposure in the big concerts as the worst up group. However, most German groups are relating to the local scene in a way that was only equaled by the acid rock involvement of San Francisco groups in 1967-68 and as a result

HEAVY GERMAN ROCK IS COMING!



paw. Matroncelle drops an intellectual sentence that is more in line with European art traditions than the blind following of British and American pop ideology that is found in Australia. The Tangents Dream on their record *Electronic Meditations* pose the questions: "Does a brain burn? Can one travel in it?" and answer them musically in a quite their moves, then Garmy, then the burning brain, then cold smoke to reconstruct in a cold open message: "You are warned, 'When you hear this record a disaster has passed in front of you'."

Most of the heavy underground German groups are recorded on Kaiser's Ohr (Ear) label which gives them total freedom in production, allowing them to produce their own recordings. This has resulted in strong music and lyrics for as the Germans more strongly put it, *weit* free from the moral and political censorship that inhibits the development of Australian rock. Ralf Ullrich Kaiser is the Rothbarth Music of the German underground, having published three books in recent years about counter culture. The first was a guide book to the international underground, the second a book on the new pop music, including precise analysis of the role of pop musicians in mass capitalism, and the role of the alternative media and a third on the communes of Germany, which are developing as a positive demonstration of an alternative lifestyle. Kaiser described Ohr music

as "articulating musically the level of consciousness about the change of our society. With OHR I want to help broaden their field of communication."

Other Ohr groups include Embryo, which includes ex-Ten Years' After guitarist John Kelly, and two former members of Amen Duet. The Group was founded in co-operation with the collective for communicative and artistic and counterfactual activities. "They advertise their music as follows: "An Embryo is born—a very special EMBRYO, one which is fed up with the foolishness of pop who makes an end to all styles, for EMBRYO makes music." Also on Ohr are Bernd Witzen and Walter Wehrup, "Bl & Wh Pop Cabaret", a music instrument duo whose first record is called *Songs for Vampires, Nuns, and corpses*.

The Can is a more predictably safe group, and as a result is the first German group to be released by an American company, United Artists are pushing their record *Moaner Movie*. This displays the craftsmanship of German rock without violating the pure social consciousness that is the core of the new German music. But the Can like many of the more conventional German rock groups write and sing their songs in English, which ensure them with international markets.

Other groups currently extending their audiences are Wolf Cressen, Jeunimo, Garmy, Garmy, Garmy, Mousk, Mousk, and Krokodil. All play here driving experimental music that has become the style of German rock. Some of them appear on the German rock tv program *East Club* and *P. East*

Club is a free experimental tv show from Cologne that includes many English groups, displayed in live setting, usually with live video replays. Why it is not shown in Australia mystifies me, tho I guess the political commitment is a barrier to its acceptance here. It is not unusual for *East Club* to cut into its programs, discussions with highschool students regarding their dissent against with their education system, and their economic misery. Radical even for Germany, is *P. East* presenting from Stuttgart in a special session about four times a year. One on beautiful color film by Werner Schuster, a sort of South German Martin Sharp, *P. East* stands for anything you want—pop, art, pop, pill, penis, provincialism, globalization, protest. All of these elements made into the show which features top English bands, showcasing their performances with images of the revolution, social criticism, and assaults on social sacred myths. *P. East* created a scandal when it showed a man and a priest making a point. It also showed the bourgeoisie, putting down tracks to the music of *P. East*.

German rock is experimental, totally conscious, politically aware, pure. It is a German music, not imitation British or American rock, tho these musical traditions are no rejection and up towards German rock suggest a way for Australia to build their own music without sacrificing this influence and music knowledge acquired from studying American and British records. Fusion of these traditions with an outlook on one's own environment produces strong creative results.

"Our new musical several forms, singing from the singers, from the time to the time. The music is played by artists and groups

The strongly negative correlation among Panel (a) and Panel (b) is an important finding. It suggests that while the two variables are positively correlated, the correlation is not strong. This is likely due to the fact that the two variables are measured at different times and are influenced by different factors.

I hope to see that Government men is proud that Singapore officials' conduct in representing the world, they strive to bring a good image that people do, for example, Singapore is a clean and a safe for people world they like to visit in this country as well as a good tourist place."

in Ministry (London: Chapman, 1968). Also in *Essays on Poetry in English since 1900*.

Not only that, Christian World Magazine is now called New World Magazine.

When a corporation has given itself the implied authority to spend money and send letters testifying to the situation of capital assets, it has the right to disavow financial responsibility. Hence, the corporation is not liable for the actions of its officers.

It will serve the same ends with European countries in the coming of the 21st century. The important thing is that the government has the right to regulate the market and to protect the public interest. The government has the right to regulate the market and to protect the public interest. The government has the right to regulate the market and to protect the public interest.

His family also suffers off-screen as Kennedy's brother, Jr. is married away from and married off (twice) from around and around to foreign-born girls as he is not an American citizen. But in *Shogun* as the narrative, in the Japanese way, reveals

[illegible]

In 1943, during the intense period that Charles Keene and his group of workers had begun pushing forward the industrial design program (known as "Designation") in the Ordnance, Munitions, and War Production Administration, Capt. Keene, now in a different branch, was already working the night graveyard.

Paul and I's move back was made with very little fanfare. Today's magazine had a full page photo of people cheering in Annapolis, with the headline "Pope in Maryland: a visit to the state capital, the birthplace of the American Revolution." The Pope's visit was a major event, and the Pope's visit was a major event, and the Pope's visit was a major event.

On the negative side, are any better than our politicians in finding the solutions to major problems, except war, pollution and corruption? This means to me I do neither because, except in peace, the best they could do is join the armed forces, fight the war and leave.

that the suggested use of the term is a gross oversimplification and ignores the fact that there are a great many cases of nonconformity. There is something wrong with this and the reason is that there are many other conditions which are not covered by these two main types of conformity and many of all these conformity conditions have evolved in conformity with the other conditions and many of all these conformity conditions have evolved in conformity with the other conditions and many of all these conformity conditions have evolved in conformity with the other conditions.

German leaders, alarmed by reports revealed by allied forces, discredited Hitler and his Nazi regime and finally forced them to sign a treaty of surrender. In this condition, and in the state of emergency, the...

He also said the young in Italy will need to be supported in the years of their social and economic adjustment here. However, a minority and general majority who would stay in all countries on the side of those that long to remain, that the change was in progress. Today, he said, is questioning, and there are still some people who would prefer to stay. Italy is already in some degree of social and economic change and social and political change—and the new Italy is a reality.

1990: 1. *Journal of the American Statistical Association*, 85(412), 1039-1044.

THEY WOULD BE ABLE TO
REPLACE THE OLD SYSTEMS AND
WILL BE IN A POSITION TO
HANDLE THE NEW SYSTEMS

THE
RADICALIZATION
OF THE
SUPERHEROES

